No.....

FILSON CLUB PUBLICATIONS

NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR

Part First

THE LIFE OF
James Francis Leonard

THE FIRST PRACTICAL SOUND-READER OF THE MORSE ALPHABET

BY

JOHN WILSON TOWNSEND

MEMBER OF THE FILSON CLUB

Part Second

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

Colonel Joseph Crockett

BY

GENERAL SAMUEL W. PRICE

MEMBER OF THE FILSON CLUB

FILSON CLUB PUBLICATIONS NUMBER 24

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BY

JOHN WILSON TOWNSEND

Member of The Filson Club

Author of "Richard Hickman Menefee," "Kentuckians in History and Literature," etc.

A Paper read before The Filson Club at its Meeting October 5, 1908

"The Marvelous Boy,
The Sleepless Soul"
"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure"

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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TO

JAHU DEWITT MILLER

AND

JAMES HILARY MULLIGAN

Booklovers, Orators, Friends

INTRODUCTION

THE work of Mr. John Wilson Townsend, which comprises the first part of this, the twenty-fourth annual publication of The Filson Club, is one equally creditable in its conception and in its execution. The Club, now nearing the close of its quarter of a century since its organization, has with few exceptions directed its efforts toward the preservation of the pioneer history of Kentucky, presenting, as the result of its research and compilation, much valuable matter which had previously existed in the form of tradition or in detached detail, inaccessible except to the diligent student. Through the well-directed energies of the Club, it now forms an imperishable record of the deeds and lives of those who planted civilization west of the Alleghanies, and made possible the upbuilding of the great Western Empire, which in area and population comprises the largest division of the American Republic.

In the enthusiastic pursuit of such important and much-needed work, it is not matter of surprise that many meritorious names of those who, in humble spheres, have contributed to the advance of science or been public benefactors in other ways, should have been overlooked.

It argues well, therefore, for the future, that with the example of Mr. Townsend in bringing, through the agency of this Club, the name of James Francis Leonard into merited prominence for the service rendered by him as a chief pioneer in the progress of telegraphy, the good services of other Kentuckians, however humble, in the promotion of science or the practical arts, in the past or future, will not be permitted to repose in obscurity, but will receive merited recognition.

It is not claimed that Leonard was the original discoverer of what is known in telegraphy as sound-reading, but he has been shown by Mr. Townsend to have been the first practical sound-reader of the Morse alphabet, and recognized as such by the monument erected over his grave at Frankfort, Kentucky, by the leading Telegraphers' Association of America, in August, 1885.

History has developed that it is not always the original inventor or discoverer of a principle in science or arts who is also its practical developer for the benefit of mankind. Franklin was the first to discover, in 1749, the identity of lightning and electricity. In 1752 he made the famous kite experiment, which immortalized his name as a scientist. But beyond the introduction of the lightning rod, now lapsed into disuse, there was no progress in the practical use of electricity for the greater part of a century.

It remained for Morse, in 1844, to demonstrate the practicability of utilizing the power for the transmission of messages over an insulated wire, thus inaugurating the system of telegraphy, now world-wide. It was a decade or more before the value of electricity as a source of power for practical use in producing light was demonstrated. It remained for such men as Leonard to dispense with the slow process of receiving messages by the tape, to substitute the electric light for the candle or lamp, to devise electric motor power, to record sound as in the graphophone, and others in other spheres, as Marconi in the practical use of wireless telegraphy. It is in such a group of public benefactors, though humble in his sphere, that James Francis Leonard belongs, and Mr. Townsend has fittingly executed his task of putting him in the niche to which he has assigned him.

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON,
Vice-President of The Filson Club.

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PREFACE

WERE an apology necessary for this biography, it could be adequately stated in a single sentence: Although recognized by his contemporaries and by posterity as a genius, not a line is devoted to Leonard by any of the historians of Kentucky; only one standard reference work has an account of his life, and this incorrectly records the date of his birth, placing it thirty years too early, and the entire sketch contains but four short sentences, or eleven lines.[1] Surely, this eminent son of Kentucky, whose life (which may be truthfully characterized as twenty-seven beautiful years) so materially advanced civilization, deserves more than a poorly prepared sketch of seventy-seven words.

Leonard's only living brother, the Reverend Joseph T. Leonard, of Columbia, Missouri, has been of the greatest assistance to me in the preparation of this work. It is only truth and justice to say that nothing but a short study of Leonard's life could have been made without his brother's coöperation. Leonard's daughter, Mrs. Thomas O. Baker, of Brooklyn, New York, has supplied me with much documentary material. Mr. E. M. Fisher,

[1] *The Encyclopedia Americana*, Volume 9.

of Nashville, Tennessee; Mr. Wm. J. Dealy, of New York City; Professor Charles A. Leonard, of Jackson, Kentucky; Mrs. Charles Watts and Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., of Frankfort, Kentucky, and Richard W. Knott, Esquire, of Louisville, Kentucky, have been most kind, and merit very cordial thanks.

JOHN WILSON TOWNSEND.

Lexington, Kentucky, September 17, 1908.

THE LIFE

OF

JAMES FRANCIS LEONARD

I

ANCESTRY AND BIRTH

THE American founders of the Leonard family were two brothers, James and Henry Leonard, the pioneers of the iron industry in this country.[1] They, with their sister Sarah and brothers Philip and Thomas, emigrated from England early in the Seventeenth Century and settled in New England. James Leonard engaged in the manufacture of iron at Taunton, Massachusetts, about 1650, and lived there until his death (1691). He was the progenitor of many well-known men, but it was his brother Henry Leonard who was the founder of the more famous American branch of the family, and who was James Francis Leonard's earliest American ancestor.

Henry Leonard was born in England about 1618. Shortly after having reached Massachusetts he built an iron works at Lynn, which he conducted for six years,

[1] *The Leonard Family in New Jersey.* By O. B. Leonard. 1883. Pages 1-5.

and then removed to Taunton. At Taunton he remained twelve years, and then went to Rowley Village. About 1675 he left Massachusetts for New Jersey, and in that State he died in 1695. He was the father of seven children, through one of whom, Samuel, we trace James Francis Leonard's line of descent.

Samuel Leonard was born in Massachusetts in 1645 and died in New Jersey in 1703. He was one of the largest landowners in his adopted county of Monmouth, a friend of William Penn's, councilor to the Governor, and sometime Judge of the Court of Sessions.

From Samuel Leonard, born in 1645, the direct line of the descent of James Francis Leonard may be traced through five generations of Leonards to his father, John Leonard, born in 1790.

John Leonard, second child of James Whithead Leonard, and the father of him of whom we write, was born in Bound Brook, New Jersey, a little city on the banks of the Raritan River, July 15, 1790.[1] He came to Kentucky with his parents when but five years old, and was educated by them in the Fayette County school. At the age of sixteen he was bound out to Isaac Reed, of Lexington, for five years, "to learn the art and mystery of a

[1] John Leonard's letter to Miss Cornelia Leonard, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, dated Frankfort, Kentucky, July 25, 1829.

cordwainer." Young Leonard worked with Reed for two years, and then ran away to see the world. He saw parts of it, and returned to Lexington some nine months later. His time had been purchased from Reed by Samuel Crosby, and with Crosby he now worked until attaining his majority. At about this time he met Elizabeth Hale, an early Bluegrass belle, to whom he soon became engaged and almost as soon estranged. In 1813 John Leonard answered the call for troops to reinforce the Northwestern Army. He arrived at Fort Meigs on that long-lamented day of the 5th of May, 1813. He was wounded in the fight, which kept him in the hospital for three months. "On this account," as he naïvely said in his letter to Miss Cornelia Leonard, "I escaped a great deal of hard labor, such as digging ditches and erecting bomb-proofs, etc."

In June, 1814, Leonard engaged in the making of boots and shoes in Frankfort. On March 9, 1817, he married Harriet McQuiddy, a very beautiful woman. She was descended from the McQuiddy family of Spottsylvania County, Virginia. This family removed to Kentucky in the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century.

II

SCHOOL AND TELEGRAPHY

JAMES Francis Leonard was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, Monday, September 8, 1834. His birthplace was a two-story red brick house located on St. Clair Street, in the very heart of the city. The house was a rather old one, and was purchased by his father in 1823. It continued to be the family home until 1872, when it was destroyed by fire.

The future famous telegrapher was given, for the first part of his Christian name, the given name of his grandfather Leonard—James—and, for his middle name, the given name of his uncle by marriage, Francis Reynolds.

When "Jimmie" Leonard, as he was known from his birth to his death, and as he is also known in history, was a few months old, his father, with Benjamin F. Cogle, purchased the baking and confectionery establishment of Francis Reynolds, which was located on Main Street in Frankfort.[1] They furnished cakes, candies, breads, mead, and soda water, as well as many grocery articles. We may well believe that several of the articles on this list made a strong appeal to the

[1] *Frankfort Commonwealth*, August 15, 1835.

JAMES FRANCIS LEONARD

baby of the Leonard home, and that much of his young life was spent in the shadow of his father's store.

John Leonard died at his Frankfort home April 3, 1837. He was ill only a few days, and his death was a shock to the capital city. "In all the relations of life," said the *Frankfort Commonwealth* for April 5th, "he has been respected and beloved." His body was laid beside his father's in the old Frankfort burying-ground, which was discarded when the State Cemetery was opened in September, 1845.

Though left a widow with seven children—the eldest of whom was but sixteen years of age—and with a rather small estate, Mrs. Leonard was just entering her fortieth year, so she was able to take courage for the struggle of honorably rearing her children. All of them, save the twins, James F. and John M., she sent to school to her husband's sister, Mrs. George Burch, and as soon as they received the essentials of an education they went to work.

At the age of six years "Jimmie" Leonard was sent to the elementary school in Frankfort, and there he continued until his eleventh year. At that age his mother transferred him to Professor J. S. Crutchfield's private grammar school. "Jimmie" studied at Professor Crutchfield's school for three years, finishing the English

course in the early summer of 1848. The English course consisted of finishing Doctor Joseph Ray's Arithmetic, Samuel Kirkham's English Grammar, S. A. Mitchell's Geography, William H. McGuffey's series of "Eclectic" readers, and—what was to aid him in his future work as much or more than anything else—a course in penmanship, that taught him the beautiful script he always wrote. Professor Crutchfield took great interest in young Leonard, making him monitor of the school, and ever predicting a splendid future for him.[1]

Though he had most probably assisted his mother by working during the school vacations, it was in the fall of 1848, as he turned his fourteenth year, that "Jimmie" Leonard chose his career. Carefully thinking through the different vocations, he ultimately decided to devote his life to the new science which was fast girdling the world, and had completely astonished it—telegraphy.

[1] *The True Presbyterian*, Louisville, Kentucky, August 28, 1862.

III

MORSE

WE must now, of necessity, delay the narrative of Leonard's life and examine the history of telegraphy, together with a note on Morse, up to 1848. This is essential in obtaining an adequate idea of the exact and wonderful work Leonard did, and it should also prove most interesting.

In 1684 Doctor Hooke made the first suggestion of the telegraph in a system of wooden blocks of different shapes that he prepared. A hundred and ten years later the Chappe brothers, three Frenchmen, determined that "a pivoted beam could be used to convey the signs of letters, by pointing it in different directions." They were able to increase the number of signals by adjusting smaller beams at the ends of the original beam. It was not long before they had one hundred and ninety-two various signals. Their system was ultimately adopted by the French government.[1]

In the year 1797 an Englishman, Lord George Murray, simplified the Chappe brothers' system "by using two frames in which six Venetian blinds were inserted," and his system was used by the English government for fifteen years.

[1] *The Telegraph in America*. By James D. Reid. New York, 1879. Pages 3-47.

In 1807 General Pasley, and nine years later Sir Howe Popham, increased the usefulness of Murray's system by adding lamps for night work. In 1832 the semaphonic system was introduced in Germany and Russia. And, of course, we must not forget Paul Revere and the signal flashed from the old North Church tower.

Johnathan Grant, Jr., in 1800, applied for a patent for his hilltop telegraph which connected Boston and Martha's Vineyard. Twelve years later Christopher Colles, a New Yorker, extracted many a fifty-cent piece from the innocent public to see the Prussian semaphone manipulated, but which he called a telegraph. The contributions of Benjamin Franklin to the telegraph were made in the middle of the Eighteenth Century. His Leyden jar experiment, his experiments of 1749, which partially proved the identity of electricity and lightning, and his kite experiment, three years later, which proved beyond question that lightning and electricity are identical, all paved the way for Morse.

But we must not forget another Philadelphian, Doctor John R. Coxe, who in 1810 proposed his signal telegraph, but did not give it a practical test. In the same year Professor Jeremiah Day, head of the Department of Natural Philosophy at Yale, together with his

colleague, Professor Benjamin Silliman, made several experiments and discoveries that aided Morse. In 1827 Harrison G. Dyar erected a two-mile line of telegraph on the Long Island race track that, in all probability, would have been successful had he had a Daniell battery. The next few years saw the great inventions of Professor Joseph Henry, whom many believe was the real inventor of the modern telegraph, but he, like Dyar, failed because he lacked the Daniell battery and the Morse alphabet.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. His father was a Yale man and pastor of the Congregational Church in Charlestown; his mother was the granddaughter of President Samuel Finley, of Princeton College. President Finley, it is pleasant for Kentuckians to recall, was the teacher of Kentucky's first historian, John Filson. Young Morse was named for President Finley and for his maternal grandfather, Judge Breese.

Morse was prepared for Yale, which he entered in his fifteenth year, at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. At Yale he studied under Professors Day and Silliman, and from them learned all that was then known concerning telegraphy. But Morse was more interested in art while at college, and many years

thereafter, than he was in electricity or any other subject. The first half of his life he gave to painting; the second half he gave to telegraphy.

After having graduated from Yale, in 1810, Morse returned to Boston. There he soon formed the acquaintance of Washington Allston, the famous artist, and with him he went to Europe the following year. In London Morse met Benjamin West and many other celebrities in art. There he painted his first great picture, *The Dying Hercules*. In 1815 he returned to America and opened a studio in Boston. He began by exhibiting his *Judgment of Jupiter*, but it was not purchased and he had no new commissions. The next few years found Morse traveling from one part of the country to the other in search of work. He was especially successful in Charleston, South Carolina. Starvation was imminent when he won the commission to paint the portrait of LaFayette, in 1825. In the following year Morse, with several others, established the National Academy of Design, in New York, and he served as its first president. In 1829 he again sailed for Europe, and there he remained for three years.

It was on board the *Sully*, as it sailed from Havre to New York, in the fall of 1832, that Morse conceived the essentials of the electro-magnetic telegraph—"an

instrument to write at a distance."[1] One of his fellow-passengers, Doctor Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, always claimed that he made the suggestion to Morse, but he never substantiated his claim and Morse vigorously denied it. When he reached New York Morse went to live with his brother Richard, and immediately began his experiments with the telegraph.

In 1835 he was appointed professor of the Literature of Arts of Design in the University of the City of New York. But he gave little attention to art, and rigged up his home with telegraphic apparatus. Morse began with complicated devices, which were soon replaced by simpler ones, and thus he worked for twelve toilsome years. As he was very poor, he welcomed a partnership with Alfred Vail, who for several years furnished the money for his experiments.

In 1840 Morse began the fight for a patent, which he finally obtained, and in 1843 Congress appropriated thirty thousand dollars for his work, which enabled him to construct the first line of magnetic telegraph. The line connected Baltimore and Washington, and Morse was assisted in its construction by Vail, J. C. Fisher, L. D. Gale, and Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University. Over a year was required to complete the line, and on May 24,

[1] S. I. Prime's *Life of Samuel F. B. Morse*. New York, 1875. Pages 251, 252.

1844, the first message was flashed—"What hath God wrought?"[1]

Though Morse benefited by the inventions of many men, as has been indicated, in working out the electro-magnetic telegraph, he himself originated the most marvelous thing about it—the alphabet. His authoritative biographer truly said: "The grandeur of this wonderful alphabet of dots, lines, and spaces has not been fully appreciated. It has been translated from one sense to another. In the Morse telegraph it may be used, and is used, by the sight, the touch, the taste, the hearing, and the sense of feeling."[2] Very rarely, however, Doctor Prime could have added, are any of the senses save sight and hearing used in telegraphy.

The United States government declined to purchase the Morse telegraph, so a private company was organized by Professor Morse, Amos Kendall, Cornell, F. O. J. Smith, and a few others, to build lines connecting the principal cities of the country. On February 27, 1847, an act for the construction and protection of Morse lines passed the General Assembly of Kentucky. The last day of December of the same year found a line of telegraph in progress of erection from Maysville, Ken-

[1] Prime's *Morse*, pages 251, 252.
[2] Prime's *Morse*, page 282.

tucky, to Nashville, Tennessee, connecting Louisville, Frankfort, Lexington, Bardstown, and Bowling Green; and a line from Maysville to Cincinnati was also being built.[1]

The Morse Company finished the line from Louisville to Frankfort on Friday, February 24, 1848.[2] The first dispatch carried the news of former President John Quincy Adams' death, which had occurred in Washington City the previous day. On Tuesday night, March 5, 1848, the line connecting Louisville and Lexington (via Frankfort, of course) was finished. On the following morning the first message was transmitted. Editor D. C. Wickliffe, of the *Lexington Observer and Reporter*, was ill, so the assistant editor, Richard Marsh (not March), sent a congratulatory message to George D. Prentice, editor of the *Louisville Journal*. The famous journalist, poet, and punster immediately replied:

Louisville, 12½ o'clock P. M.

Geo. D. Prentice, with many compliments to Mr. March, rejoices at the Telegraphic connection from Lexington to Louisville, but deeply regrets that the first dispatch from the former city brings intelligence of the indisposition of his friend Wickliffe.

Mr. Prentice has not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. March, but ventures to hope that he is not as cold as his namesake has been for the last few days.[3]

[1] Collins' *History of Kentucky*, Volume 1, page 56.
[2] *Lexington Observer and Reporter*, March 1, 1848.
[3] *Ibidem*, March 8, 1848.

The most interesting and celebrated telegraphic suit ever tried in Kentucky was the one that Professor Morse filed against Henry O'Rielly, in Louisville, in 1848. The year previous the Morse Company had decided to build a line of telegraph from Louisville to Nashville, to be part of a line to New Orleans, as was above indicated.[1] O'Rielly at once began a line, which he called the People's, and he succeeded in beating Morse's line into Nashville. He claimed that his telegraphic instrument, the Columbian, was essentially different from Morse's, and that Morse had an unlawful monopoly. The Western newspapers took it up, and the only thing left for Morse to do was to appeal to the courts. He applied for an injunction against O'Rielly, claiming that the Columbian telegraph was an infringement upon his patent.

The trial was begun in Louisville August 24, 1848, with Judge Thomas B. Monroe presiding. The complainant, Morse, was represented by Preston S. Loughborough, Ben Monroe, Aaron K. Woolley, and T. P. Shaffner; the defendant, O'Rielly, was represented by Henry Pirtle, Madison C. Johnson, and D. Y. Gholson. The case attracted attention throughout the entire country, and

[1] Prime's *Morse*, pages 557-579. *Lexington Observer and Reporter*, September 13, 1848.

such distinguished men as Amos Kendall, John J. Crittenden, Thomas F. Marshall, Robert P. Letcher, and Jefferson Davis, then a visitor to his native State, were among the spectators.

Over a week was required to take the testimony of the scientists and other witnesses, and then a full day was allowed each attorney for his summing up. The Louisville newspapers agreed that Mr. Loughborough made the most logical and eloquent speech of the whole trial, making "many points before a little obscure as clear as sunbeams."

On Saturday, September 9, the sixteenth day of the trial, Judge Monroe delivered his opinion. It was, in substance, that the Columbian telegraph was an infringement upon Morse's, and that an injunction absolute be granted him. The *Louisville Journal* supposed that the decision "will render it necessary for Mr. O'Rielly either to put upon his Southern line some other instrument or to discontinue, at least for the present, the use of the line altogether. Whether he can or can not procure an instrument that will work well and not be liable to an injunction as an infringement upon Morse, is a point that we are not sufficiently learned in telegraphic matters to decide."

But the *Journal* was mistaken; O'Rielly, with characteristic shrewdness, did neither: he now, catching at a straw, "sought to evade its [the injunction] force by receiving intelligence by *sound*." But Judge Monroe knew that "this was one of the original modes of telegraphy secured to Morse as its inventor," and also probably regarding O'Rielly's statement as the prize joke of the year (as nothing worth while had been done in sound telegraphy), saw through this subterfuge, as well as O'Rielly's subsequent one—to remove the telegraphic instruments out of Kentucky, but to leave the posts and wires in this State—so he immediately had the O'Rielly people arrested and fined. They gave bond and then took an appeal from the District Court of Kentucky to the Supreme Court of the United States. There the injunction was sustained in a very comprehensive opinion by Chief Justice Roger Taney. Thus Morse, the real inventor, was forever protected, and O'Rielly, the infringer, was given his eternal quietus.

IV

THE FIRST PRACTICAL SOUND-READER

ALL of the facts in the foregoing chapter were quite familiar to "Jimmie" Leonard, and they stirred him so profoundly that he determined to have a part, and a most prominent part, in the future history of the American telegraph. Accordingly, on a perfect autumn day in the year 1848, he presented himself at the first telegraph office ever in Frankfort, almost opposite his home on St. Clair Street, and asked Chief Operator Taylor for a position.[1] Robert B. Taylor (1831-1888) was young Leonard's kinsman, and he knew him to be a very superior boy, so he at once offered to make him a messenger. Although the salary was most meager, "Jimmie" accepted the place and went about his duties. He performed them with such promptness that he easily found time to "tinker with the tape." It was not long before his friends realized that he had

[1] "In the Spring of 1848 the first telegraph line, the New Orleans and Ohio, from Washington via Baltimore and Wheeling to New Orleans, passed through Frankfort, Ky. An office was opened there and made the terminal until the line reached Louisville. The office was opened by James F. Foss and F. A. Brown, of Boston, in February, 1848. E. H. Goulding, of Worcester, was the first operator, and Robert B. Taylor, of Kentucky, messenger. The office was opened to the public March 1st, 1848. . . . Mr. Goulding left for St. Louis in the Fall of 1848, and Robert B. Taylor was appointed operator, and James F. Leonard messenger. Leonard learned the business quickly and was transferred to the Louisville office in 1849, but he received messages by sound in the Frankfort office in 1848. He subsequently became known as the fastest writer in the country. E. V. Crockett and W. F. Russell came after Leonard." *Gleanings From The Telegraph* By N M. Booth Page 24

the stuff in him out of which telegraphers of the first class are made, and they urged him to continue at the work. This belief in his ability encouraged him to endeavor to excel in his chosen career. He was a telegraphic genius, and, as was soon to be revealed, in his special work the mind of Morse was not the equal of his. He seemed to have known telegraphy from infancy, or, at any rate, to learn it intuitively; the customary drudgery of the beginner was alien to him.[1]

Most inventions and discoveries are, in their origin, accidents, but ever based on brains. Thus it was with Leonard's discovery. That he had visions of sound telegraphy in the early spring of 1849 we may be sure, as he entirely discarded the cumbrous paper in June of that year, when the wonderful discovery swam into his ken. The exact date of it, unfortunately, is lost, but the benefits of it will last as long as men care to communicate with one another by means of telegraphy.

As has been indicated, the sound system "was one of the original modes of telegraphy secured to Morse as its inventor," but his patent was one of anticipation and not of realization; he was practically ignorant of its real usefulness, as it was practiced to no extent whatever until Leonard made his discovery. Morse

[1] Reverend J. T. Leonard's letter to the author.

furnished the fundamentals for the discovery—just as other men furnished him the fundamentals for the magnetic telegraph—but Leonard's was the perfecting hand, as Morse's was to the magnetic telegraph. They were both builders on other men's foundations.

The Morse Company, in common with all other companies, "vigorously interdicted" the sound system, and discouraged its practice to the extent of passing a law forbidding its use. "Yet, its superior advantage was gradually asserting itself. The reception by register, the constant winding, the mistakes made by the copyist caused by imperfect hearing, the whirr of the wheels, the breaking of the weight cord, and the howl caused by damaged toes, the rough copy retranslated for delivery, the delay, the labor of all this was palpable and sought deliverance."[1] Another writer compares the old sight system to the rollers of a clothes-wringer attached to a washing machine, mounted on a brass framework. In order to manipulate it one must pull the paper tape through the right thumb and fingers, and in a few minutes stop, gather up the tape and scan the little pricks made by the Morse alphabet, and then write off the message for delivery.[2] This is the manner

[1] *The Telegraph in America.* By James D. Reid. New York, 1879. Page 191.
[2] Reverend J. T. Leonard's letter to the author.

in which the first message of May 24, 1844, and all other messages for the ensuing five years, were handled. What a wonderful time, labor, and money saver the sound system has proved to be, and how grateful the world should be that the keen ear and rapid penmanship of James F. Leonard enabled him to become the Moses of the situation!

At about the same time Leonard was messenger for the Frankfort office a young Scot, now the world's greatest philanthropist, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, was messenger for the Pittsburg office of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & Louisville Telegraph Company—the same company in whose service Leonard was to win fame. They were both about fourteen years of age when they became messengers; both were intelligent and industrious, and both were early given opportunity to master the "machine." Indeed, the latest sketcher of Mr. Carnegie's career makes the parallel much closer by observing that the Steel King "was the third on earth who learned to take a message by ear."[1] A Cincinnati operator, George Durfee, in many ways the only American telegrapher comparable to Leonard, was the second sound-reader.

It took only a few weeks for the superintendent of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & Louisville Telegraph Com-

[1] *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Alfred Henry Lewis, June, 1908.

pany, James Douglas Reid, to obtain information of the marvelous work that Leonard was doing in the Frankfort office, and he wired him to come to Louisville. Reid "shared in the apprehension felt by telegraph boards and managers"[1] of the great danger in the sound system, but he decided to give the blue-eyed Kentucky lad a fair trial. Leonard reached Louisville in July, 1849, two months short of fifteen years of age, and he at once went to the telegraph office. Reid was anxious to ascertain the truth or falsity of the startling stories concerning the young Kentuckian's ability, and he accordingly "tried him out" instanter. Great was his delight when he saw that the half had not been told; Leonard was, in very truth, the marvelous boy of the telegraphic world, the foremost sound-reader of history. Reid appointed him to transmit and receive the most difficult dispatches, and he always handled them with accuracy and rapidity.

"At the opening of the office in Louisville, Ky." (December 29, 1847), wrote Reid in his excellent history of the American telegraph, "the first operator was Eugene L. Witman, or 'Bible-back,' as he was called, who afterward went on the Southern line. Then came 'Jimmie' Leonard, as he was familiarly and lovingly known, a type of the pure in heart. He was a prince

[1] *The Telegraph in America.* By James D. Reid. New York, 1879. Page 191.

of operators, and his exceeding amiability made all who knew him love him. He was so poised mentally that he could carry on a conversation while receiving or sending messages without the least apparent disturbance, and was never caught in an error. R. S. Millar was another of the most excellent men, true, conscientious, capable. Billie Barr, with his black eyes and his thoroughbred ways, was there also. Albert Jones was receiver. After him came Richard H. Woolfolk, the genial, jovial Dick, now an opulent merchant of Louisville, a man with a splendid nose and a big heart. Finally there came to Louisville, from the East, Benjamin F. Ely, now of the auditor's department, New York, one of Nature's gentlemen, a quiet, steady, amiable, educated man."[1]

Nearly a half century later Ely wrote to N. M. Booth, who was compiling an account of the American telegraph, these words:

"Jimmie" Leonard came as my assistant at Louisville in 1849, the most lovable man I ever knew, and the great regret of my coming away from Louisville was the separation from him. He was a first-class operator.

I enclose you a photo of "Jimmie" and myself. The original (now a faded daguerreotype), from which it was copied by Charles Taylor, is now in my possession. It was sent to me last year by Taylor's daughter, and I

[1] *The Telegraph in America.* By J. D. Reid. Page 187.

intend to present it to the Telegraph Historical Society as a relic and curiosity of "ye olden time." It was taken in August, 1852, on my departure from Louisville. Please return to me the copy, as I prize it highly and it is the only picture of "Jimmie's" I have.[1]

Before taking final leave of the subject of the sound system, it may be well to emphasize the most important word in our sub-title: practical. Professor Morse, Alfred Vail, Joseph Henry, and John J. Speed, Jr., each caught snatches of sentences by sound prior[2] to Leonard, but he was the first to catch every word of every sentence, and to thus become the first *practical*[3] sound-reader, whose discovery out-morsed Morse, was the most progressive step taken after Morse, and is to-day the American system of telegraphy.[4] The sound-readers prior to the pioneer, who was also the perfecter, simply played, experimented to while away the off-duty hours; but he made their plaything one of the most practical and useful things in our civilization.

While in Louisville Leonard lived with Mr. J. V. Cowling's family. Mrs. Cowling, who was the daughter of the distinguished South Carolina jurist, Benjamin James (1768-1825), was an educated woman and she

[1] *Gleanings From The Telegraph.* By N. M. Booth. Page 14.
[2] *The Telegraph in America.* By J. D. Reid. Page 647.
[3] *Gleanings From The Telegraph.* By N. M. Booth. Page 14.
[4] *The Telegraph in America.* By J. D. Reid. Page 647.

took great interest in the young telegrapher. Her careful English and refined manners had a splendid influence on the responsive boy. She was worth more to him than the ordinary college education that the boys of his time received. The Cowling home was situated some seven blocks from the telegraph office, which office was on Main Street, a short distance from the Galt House.

In the spring of 1851 the famous showman, P. T. Barnum, came to Louisville with Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale." Barnum had brought Miss Lind to America in September, 1850, and was paying her one thousand dollars a night. She gave three concerts in Louisville during the week beginning April 6, 1851. The total receipts for the three concerts amounted to $19,429.50, averaging $6,476.50 for each concert, which was up to the usual standard.[1] While in Louisville Barnum found need of the telegraph—possibly to flash

[1] P. T. Barnum's Autobiography. New York, 1855. Page 343.
"'Jimmie' Leonard was as much of a wonder as a telegraph operator as Blind Tom as a musician. The latter could play at the same time *Yankee Doodle* with one hand and *The Girl I Left Behind Me* with the other. Leonard could send a message and receive one at the same time. . . . Barnum, the great showman, called at the Louisville office to see Leonard. The writer went with Barnum to the operating room and introduced 'Jimmie'. 'I am told,' said Barnum, 'you can divide your mind so as to send and receive at the same time?' 'Jimmie' was working at the time with Toney Trabue, brother of the late George W. Trabue. Trabue wrote beautiful Morse. Barnum handed a message to the operator working the Cincinnati circuit to test the truth of what he had heard. Leonard went on sending to 'N.' until Barnum's message was sent to Cincinnati, then made a beautiful copy of Barnum's message and handed it to him."—*Gleanings From The Telegraph*. By N. M. Booth. Pages 24, 25.

Lexington that Jenny Lind could not visit the Blue-grass, as had been advertised—and he took the message to the office himself.[1] It was given to Leonard for transmission. Barnum, lingering at the office for a short time, was startled to see him send the message with such speed, but was astonished to see him take several other messages by ear. Barnum immediately offered him a splendid salary to leave Louisville and accompany him throughout the country to exhibit his sound system. The old showman recognized his worth, and, more to his purpose, a money-maker of the first order. With Jenny Lind and "Jimmie" Leonard he would indeed have a winning combination. But Leonard, not at all relishing the Bohemian life that Barnum reveled in and pictured to him so vividly, surprised the showman by declining his offer, and he left the office greatly disappointed.[2]

Leonard remained with the Louisville office until 1853, when he resigned his position and went to Lexington, Kentucky, to accept a position with Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr. (1832-——), who, many years afterward, served for sixteen years as Mayor of Frankfort, Kentucky.[3] Leonard had been constantly on duty

[1] *The Kentucky Statesman.* Lexington, 1851. April 2, 9.
[2] Reverend J. T. Leonard's letter to the author.
[3] *History of Kentucky.* By Z. F. Smith. Louisville, 1892. Page 912.

at the telegraph wires for five years, and he doubtless welcomed a change of position and residence for a short time, though he knew that telegraphy was his life-work.

Colonel Taylor had resigned as cashier of the Commercial Bank of Kentucky, at Versailles, to organize a new private bank in Lexington. He secured Ulysses Turner and William Shouse to join him, and the firm name was Taylor, Turner & Company.[1] Leonard was individual bookkeeper, receiving a salary of one hundred dollars a month. While with the bank he did nothing with telegraphy; the banking hours were from nine to four o'clock, which means that practically the entire day was spent at his books.

A better raconteur than Colonel Taylor does not live in Kentucky, and one of his best incidents is in regard to Leonard and a bag of gold. In those days gold was generally put up in bags containing ten thousand dollars each. Colonel Taylor arranged with Leonard to take to Frankfort on an early morning train a bag containing ten thousand dollars in gold, and weighing about sixty-five pounds. When the Colonel reached the bank on the appointed morning he was surprised to find his bookkeeper vigorously tugging at the bag and quite unable to carry it to the train, which was only a block

[1] *Kentucky Statesman.* Lexington, July 8, 1853.

and a half distant. As it was early in the morning no one had passed by, and he had thus been unable to obtain assistance. But the gallant Colonel lent his splendid strength, and Leonard reached the train as it was on the point of starting. "This is the only time," says Colonel Taylor, "in all my acquaintance with this excellent young man, that I ever knew him to fail in an undertaking, and that resulted entirely from physical inability."[1]

[1] Colonel E. H. Taylor's letter to the author.

V

A BROTHER OF CHRIST

WHEN a babe in arms "Jimmie" Leonard began his church career. His mother took him to the famous Frankfort Sabbath-school, founded by Mrs. Margaretta Mason Brown in 1810[1]—the second one west of the Alleghanies—and, when he was in kilts, he became a member of the school.

This school was organized six years before the First Presbyterian Church; or, it may be more correct to say, it took the school six years to develop a church. Mrs. Brown, the founder, was a most remarkable woman; daughter of a distinguished clergyman, John Mason, wife of Kentucky's first United States Senator, John Brown, and the grandmother of Missouri's twentieth governor, B. Gratz Brown, she added new laurels to the family name. For over half a century she kept alive the religion of the Nazarene in her heart, and for nearly thirty years she served the Sabbath-school of her founding as secretary-treasurer and as superintendent. The kinswoman of great men, the pioneer Sunday-school superintendent of the West, she herself attained greatness through goodness.

[1] *History of the First Presbyterian Church, Frankfort, Kentucky.* By W. H. Averill. 1901. Pages 197, 220.

When Leonard was three years of age the Reverend Joseph J. Bullock succeeded the Reverend Daniel Baker as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Doctor Bullock served the church for nine years, when he was succeeded by one of the most celebrated ministers that the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky has produced—the Reverend Stuart Robinson. Leonard was in his fourteenth year when Doctor Robinson took charge of the church, and he heard many of those Sabbath evening expositions of Old Testament themes, the power and beauty of which have seldom been equaled in this State.

As has already been stated, Leonard went to Louisville in the summer of 1849, and throughout the four years of his life there he attended the Second Presbyterian Church, then located on Third Street, between Green and Walnut. This church was established in the year 1830, and the Reverend Edward P. Humphrey was the pastor during the first period of Leonard's life in Louisville. He and Doctor Humphrey left Louisville in 1853, the former stopping in Lexington, and the latter proceeding to Danville to become Doctor Robert J. Breckinridge's colleague in the new Presbyterian Theological Seminary which was opened there in the fall of that year. Doctor J. J. Bullock, the old Frankfort pastor, Kentucky's first Superintendent of Public Instruction, succeeded Doctor Humphrey as pastor of the Second Church.

When entering manhood Leonard visited his aunt, Mrs. George Burch, the Shelby County school teacher. Mrs. Burch was much alive in Jesus Christ, and she earnestly prayed that her nephew, whom she knew was a most moral young man, should also feel constrained to follow the Man of Galilee. With burning words she clearly showed him the great gulf that is fixed between mere morality and evangelical religion. He, who had listened to the eloquent and persuasive Robinson, soon believed on the Christ and promised her to unite with the visible Church.[1]

Soon after having arrived in Lexington Leonard determined to make good his promise. Deciding to unite with the church of his people—the Presbyterian—he considered the First and Second Churches, and finally chose the Second, or McChord Church. A rapid review of this church's past will be sufficient to show its historical importance.[2]

Founded in 1815 by the eloquent James McChord, and served by him for four years, when he was succeeded by Robert H. Bishop, afterward the first president of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, the church is to-day one of the strongest in Kentucky Presbyterianism. Doctor

[1] *The True Presbyterian.* Louisville, Kentucky, August 28, 1862.
[2] *Manual of the Second Church.* By John H. Brown, D. D. Cincinnati, Ohio. Pages 5-8.

Bishop's successor was the Reverend John Breckinridge, son of the author of the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, who was followed by two pastors of fair ability, but the next regular minister, the Reverend John C. Young (1803–1857), was a master mind. He served the church for twenty-three months and then resigned to accept the presidency of Centre College, Danville, Kentucky. He is old Centre's great president. For the next year the pulpit was filled by a supply, but on the last day of November, 1831, Robert Davidson was elected pastor, which position he filled for nine years, when he resigned to become president of Transylvania University. His account of Presbyterianism in this State is most interesting. Doctor Davidson was succeeded by the Reverend John D. Matthews, afterward Superintendent of Public Instruction of Kentucky, and he, in turn, by Doctor John H. Brown, who was unanimously elected in 1846. Doctor Brown wrote a history of the church, and dedicated the present beautiful house of worship, during his pastorate.

On Saturday, October 29, 1853, the day prior to the regular communion, the Session of the Second Church met.[1] Doctor Brown moderated the Session, which was composed of Elders David Bell, A. T. Skillman, George B. Kinkead, Abraham Van Meter, John R. Allen, and the

[1] *Session Book of the Second Church* (1843-1861). Page 126.

clerk, William H. Rainey. The Moderator opened the deliberations with prayer. James F. Leonard, Evan P. Lingenfetter, and Uriah Van Gusen, "after due examination, were received into the Communion of the Church upon their own profession." Several church letters were received and several granted, after which the Session adjourned.

At the Sabbath morning service of the following day "Mr. James F. Leonard was Baptized" by Doctor Brown, and he had the distinction of being the only adult baptized in the church from April, 1853, to April, 1854, though many infants and children were baptized during that time.[1]

From the day of his baptism to the day of his death Leonard was a most admirable member of the church of Christ. Never did he miss a service when it was at all possible for him to attend, and such beautiful service did he give the Master, though he was a member of His church for only nine years, the world must place him among the ripest saints of the middle Nineteenth Century.

Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., relates a good incident of Leonard's physical weakness: his brother, the Reverend Joseph T. Leonard, recalls an incident that as fully reveals his physical courage. One of the earliest

[1] *Session Book of the Second Church* (1843-1861). Pages 128-132.

aëronauts who ever exhibited the old silk balloon in Louisville came to the city about 1855. When all was ready for the ascension he asked for a volunteer to accompany him in his flight. Though thousands were assembled to watch him, every one declined his cordial invitation until he asked "Jimmie" Leonard. Always eager, like the Greeks of old, "either to tell [to do] or to hear some new thing," Leonard screwed his courage to the sticking place, and climbed into the car. For an hour they sailed over the city, to the delight of themselves and the spectators. A safe landing was made on the outskirts of Louisville, and the aëronaut thanked Leonard for his kindness. Sky sailing was Leonard's theme for a fortnight; he insisted that the best bird's-eye view of a city could be obtained in the balloon, and that it was thoroughly worth while. But he made envious and not emulous converts.

VI

THE WORLD'S RECORD

IN the year 1855 Professor Morse requested that speed tests be taken in American telegraph offices, to be shown at the first great International Exhibition, held that year in Paris, France. This request was honored throughout the whole country.[1]

On a day the date of which is not known, though it was of course several weeks prior to the opening of the Exhibition, May 15, 1855, Morse's desire was communicated to Leonard while he was at his instrument in the Louisville office, and without warning him or telling him for what purpose he made the request, he called Joseph W. Fisher, in the Nashville office, and asked him to send him messages, as fast as possible, for five minutes. Fisher took up "a magazine or a newspaper that was lying on the desk at the time, and out of the same transmitted for five minutes, sending in that time two hundred and fifty words, the first minute transmitting fifty-five words and the last minute forty-five words, making an average, however, of fifty words a minute. This speed contest was made over the old telegraph lines of that date, where

[1] Clipping from the *Louisville Courier-Journal* (without date) in Leonard scrap-book.

insulation was almost a thing unheard of, and where it was necessary to keep one hand on the main line relay in order to maintain even a partial adjustment. Under the circumstances and conditions the speed was remarkable, and Leonard copied it without a single break—in fact, Leonard made his greatest record as an operator by copying my father's rapid transmission. I have often heard my father speak of how time and time again he has an hour at a time, at his utmost speed, fired messages to Leonard at Louisville without a break from Leonard over a wire; that the only way he could find out if Leonard was at the other end was to ask if he was there and adjust for an answer."[1]

Another version of the story of this famous record is as follows: Leonard's "record as the fastest receiver was made with Joseph W. Fisher, now manager of the Nashville office, who, in a private letter to the *Gleaner*, said: 'My fast writing is due to "Jimmie's" saying "faster" when I first began to send to him. The cause of this was: Leonard had, by the instruction of his physician, left the key and entered a bank, as his work would be lighter and his worry less. His love for the telegraph made him resign his clerkship in the bank and accept a place in the Louisville office.' Fisher had gained a reputation as a

[1] E. M. Fisher's letter to the author.

fast sender. The Louisville operators bet the Nashville boys that 'Jimmie,' who never broke, could take Fisher without breaking. The wires had been down and business had accumulated. Over two hundred messages were piled around Fisher, who said as he answered Leonard's call, 'Is that you, "Jimmie?"' 'Yes, G. A., send 'em fast.' The boys in each office stood by their champions and watched with what lightning speed they were rushing message after message over the wires. The back date messages, and everything that could be brought Fisher, were sent. 'I give it up, "Jimmie," you have won.' 'Jimmie' said, 'Won what?' The boys were patting him and hustling him about in their joy. 'We bet the Nashville fellows that you would take Fisher without a break.' I remember the tired look and the drooping arm of poor 'Jimmie' as he said: 'Boys, I would have kept on until my arm dropped off, before I would have quit work; before all the messages were taken.' "[1]

No one is bold enough to say just how many words Leonard could have received in one minute, as he never found an operator who could send as fast as he could receive. Fisher was fine, but fifty-five words was the limit of his power. It is entirely within the bounds of reason to say there is no manner of doubt that Leonard

[1] *Gleanings From The Telegraph.* By N. M. Booth. Page 25.

could have received sixty words a minute for at least one minute, had any one been able to transmit that fast.

The greatness of this world's record is augmented when one recalls that it was made nineteen years before the Remington typewriter, the pioneer in the field, was put on the market. Present-day telegraphers always take important messages on the typewriter, and can often maintain speed enough to abbreviate the telegraphic code. Leonard, however, took Fisher in script, and used no code; he wrote every letter of every word.

Professor Morse was in the Louisville office at the time the record was made, and he was so pleased with the work that he asked Leonard to make him a copy of the first message of fifty-five words, which Leonard gladly did. Morse took the copy to Europe with him and there he showed it to many of the Old World's famous men. He knew full well that it was impossible to receive more than twenty-five words a minute on his old paper tape, and his gratitude to Leonard, who had discarded the tape and thus revolutionized the art of the Morse telegraph, perfecting the sound system, was twofold.[1] The whole of the transmission, two hundred and fifty words, was sent to Paris, where it attracted the attention of persons from all parts of the world. The message was, doubtless,

[1] Prime's *Morse*. Page 282.

read and remarked upon by the Emperor and Empress, who opened the Exhibition, and by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, who visited it in August, 1855.

Many men have earnestly endeavored to excel this celebrated record of the Kentuckian and the Tennessean, but always without success. One notable effort was that of M. Bagley of New York, and N. J. Snyder of Philadelphia, in 1868, when they eked out forty-two words in one minute.[1] But, despite the many great improvements of the last half-century, it was only about six or seven years ago, in one of the tournaments in New York, that this record of fifty-five words per minute was equaled.[2] It is hard to grant, however, that this recent record, though a tie, should be named in the same breath with the record of Leonard and Fisher, because the improvements in the telegraph since 1855 have been so real and far-reaching as to make the conditions under which the records were made quite incomparable.

As the sender of the world's record, Fisher, deserves practically the same credit that the receiver, Leonard, does, it is fitting to conclude our account of it with a note on the sender's life, and especially so since the historian of the American telegraph, James D. Reid,

[1] Reid's *The Telegraph in America.* Page 653.
[2] Letter of Mr. E. M. Fisher (Fisher's son, now Superintendent of Traffic for the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company) to the author.

incorrectly records the year of the famous record, making it 1860, and giving Fisher's Christian name as James.[1]

Born in Nashville, Tennessee, September 26, 1833, Joseph W. Fisher was educated in a good preparatory school, and in his seventeenth year he entered telegraphy as a messenger in the service of the New Orleans & Ohio Telegraph Company at Nashville. Like Leonard, he learned telegraphy rapidly and easily. In 1853 he was made chief operator in the Nashville office, and three years later he married. He held his position as chief operator until the Federal forces captured Nashville, in February, 1862. For a year he was thrown out of the service, and spent the next two years in horticultural pursuits. He later went to New York to reside, and from there directed a business in Cuba. In 1866 Fisher returned to Nashville, and resumed his work in telegraphy. He was made receiving clerk in the service of the Southwestern Telegraph Company, which was later consolidated, together with several other companies, to form the Western Union Telegraph Company. In 1872 he was appointed manager of the Nashville office, and this position he held until his death, which occurred in Nashville February 13, 1907. He was the foremost sending operator the world has produced.[2]

[1] Reid's *The Telegraph in America*. Page 653.
[2] *Gleanings From The Telegraph*. By N. M. Booth. Pages 29, 30.

In March, 1856, Doctor Joseph J. Bullock resigned as pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Louisville, and for the ensuing two years the church was without a pastor.[1] The Sabbath-school, in which Leonard took such a prominent part, the prayer-meeting, and the regular church services, conducted by ministers from this and other States, were continued during the interregnum. In the spring of 1858 the Reverend Stuart Robinson was chosen pastor of the church and for twenty-three years he gave it faithful service.

In the summer of the same year Colonel William T. Haskell, one of Tennessee's most brilliant orators and poets, made a rather extended visit in Louisville. Haskell was colonel of a Tennessee regiment in the Mexican War, and a representative in the lower House of Congress in 1847-1849. He spent some time in Lexington, Kentucky, and from there he went to Louisville, where he met Leonard. It was not long before he and the telegrapher were warm friends. On the eve of his departure for Hopkinsville, Kentucky (where he died on March 20, 1859), he wrote a poem, "Inscribed to My Dear Young Friend, James Francis Leonard," which, according to tradition, George D. Prentice published in

[1] *Sketch of the History of the Second Presbyterian Church.* Louisville, 1896. Pages 8-50.

the *Journal*, but which the present writer failed to find in a recent search of the files.[1]

Late in the year 1858 the great revival, or noonday prayer-meeting, which was held in Odd Fellows' Hall, won Leonard's earnest labor. "He was especially active in conversation, and in his warm-hearted appeals to young men."[2] Through this great meeting much real good was done in Louisville. The year of 1859 found Leonard in church, in telegraphy, and in love.

He married Miss Ruth Marion Brown, in Louisville, December 21, 1860.[3] The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Doctor Francis McNeece Whittle, then rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and afterward Bishop of Virginia.[4] Miss Brown's parents were born in England, her father, William J. Brown, being a well-known capitalist. She was born on June 6, 1844, and was educated at private schools in Cleveland, Ohio. Her musical education was received in Cleveland and in Louisville. Mrs. Leonard was a musician of much charm and ability.[5]

In the fall of 1861 Leonard, who was an ardent Confederate, decided to leave Louisville and go farther

[1] *Biographical Annals of the Civil Government*. Washington, 1876. Page 192.
[2] *The True Presbyterian*. Louisville, Kentucky, August 28, 1862.
[3] *Marriage Register of Jefferson County, Kentucky*. Book 8, page 31.
[4] *The Centenary of St. Paul's Church*. Filson Club Publication Number 5. By R. T. Durrett. Pages 58, 59.
[5] Mrs. T. O. Baker's letter to the author.

South. He located in Memphis, Tennessee, where he was soon engaged in telegraphy. His first and only child, Carlotta Leonard, was born in Memphis October 13, 1861, but he was to die several months before she celebrated her first birthday. A day or so after the battle of Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862, Leonard was placed on General P. G. T. Beauregard's staff at Corinth, Mississippi, as his official military telegrapher. Some of the telegrams he sent for Beauregard are reproduced in the next chapter.

VII

WITH BEAUREGARD

AFTER the battle of Shiloh General Beauregard withdrew to Corinth, Mississippi, where he remained, in the face of General Halleck's tardy advance, for several weeks.

On the thirteenth of April Beauregard gave this telegram to Leonard for transmission—the very first one that the Kentuckian sent for the famous general:

Corinth, April 13th, 1862.

Brig-Genl. J. B. Villepigue, Comdg., Fort Pillow:

General Sam. Jones will take command at Fort Pillow. Meantime retain immediate command at post and carry on works. General Rust will encamp his troops near by until General Jones shall arrive.[1]

G. T. Beauregard, Genl. Comdg.

Corinth, April 13th, 1862.

Maj. Gen. E. K. Smith, Chattanooga, Tenn.:

Six regiments from Pemberton on way to join you; add to them three of yours which failed to get by Huntsville, and with your forces dash at Mitchell and take him in reverse.

G. T. Beauregard.

[1] *The Military Operations of General Beauregard.* By Alfred Roman. New York, 1884. Volume 1, pages 365-369; 564-572.

Corinth, April 14th, 1862.

General Sam. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond, Va.:

Cannot a more active and efficient officer be put in command of gunboats at Fort Pillow? It is important to do so at once. I am informed garrison at Madrid Bend capitulated; part got off. No official report yet. I am reinforcing garrison of Fort Pillow for a strong and long defence. When will Memphis gunboats be ready? Are much needed. G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 14th, 1862.

Genl. S. Cooper, Adj. Genl., Richmond, Va.:

As directed by President, I send a list of officers for immediate promotion: Brigadier-Generals Breckinridge and Hindman, for major-generals; Colonels Thos. Jordon, Wm. Preston, Alfred Moulton, Geo. Manney, Preston Smith, J. S. Marmaduke, J. D. Martin, and Danl. Adams, for brigadier-generals; Captain John Morgan, Ky., to be colonel of cavalry.

Please answer by telegraph. G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 14th, 1862.

Genl. S. Cooper, Adj. Genl., Richmond, Va.:

Pemberton's troops cut off by the Memphis and Charleston Road; should be sent to me by way of Mobile. Cannot General Kirby Smith be furnished from seaboard with a division to make a diversion on Nashville and enemy's rear, now open and vulnerable? He proposes such a movement. With celerity, it is eminently practicable. G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 14th, 1862.

Brig. Genl. R. S. Ripley, Charlestown, S. C.:

Troops must not go to Kirby Smith now. Circumstances altered by burning of railroad bridge. Hence let all be sent here at once via Mobile.

G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 20th, 1862.

Brigadier General J. B. Villepigue, Comdg. Works at Fort Pillow:

Release Captain D. B. Harris, and instruct him to repair to Vicksburg, where he will find orders in post-office.

By Command of General Beauregard,

Thomas Jordon, A. Adj. Gen.

Corinth, April 22d, 1862.

Maj. Genl. Van Dorn, Memphis:

You may as well begin sending your troops here by brigades at once. G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 23d, 1862.

Maj. Genl. Van Dorn, Memphis:

Information about Homburg true. Send on your troops rapidly. Battery horses, too, if possible. Rust must hold himself ready to move, if required.

G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 24th, 1862.

General S. Cooper, Adjutant General, Richmond:

The false views of the administration—to say the least—of Colonel Northrop will starve out this army unless I make other arrangements, which I have done. I trust it may not be altogether too late, and that the government will sustain me with means.

G. T. Beauregard, Gen. Comdg.

Corinth, April 25th, 1862.

Capt. D. B. Harris, Chief Engineer, Vicksburg:

Two 10-inch guns and eighty-five hundred pounds powder, subject to your order at Jackson, Miss.

G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 26th, 1862.

Maj. Genl. M. Lovell, Tangipaho, [La.]:

Yes, look out for Jackson and Vicksburg, but we may require you here soon.

G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 27th, 1862.

Captain D. B. Harris, Vicksburg:

Yes, construct proposed batteries and obstruct Yazoo.

G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 28th, 1862.

S. Kirkpatrick, Grenada, Miss.:

Send guns to Vicksburg. G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 29th, 1862.

Col. J. L. Anboy, Comdg., Vicksburg, Miss.:

Guns have been ordered to Jackson, Mississippi; subject to order of Captain Harris. Let him send an agent there to forward them to him as wanted. Governor Pettus has been ordered to send one regiment of Volunteers to report to you. They will be armed as soon as possible. G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 29th, 1862.

Maj. Genl. M. Lovell, Camp Moore, Tangipaho, La.:

Should you determine not to return to New Orleans, can you not send one regiment to Vicksburg with some artillerists, and come here immediately with balance of forces? I expect soon another battle.

G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 29th, 1862.

Com. R. F. Pinckney, Fort Pillow, Tenn.:

We are fortifying Vicksburg to guard river from below. Would it not be preferable to send the boats we proposed dismantling, to assist the defence at that point, instead of fortifying Randolph? Consult General Villepigue. G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, April 30th, 1862.

Maj. Genl. M. Lovell, Tangipaho, La.:

Send General Smith as soon as practicable, with one regiment and artillerists, to fortify and defend river below Vicksburg. Heavy guns are at Jackson, Mississippi. Get all the arms you can, and arm new Mississippi regiments to send here immediately.

G. T. Beauregard.

Corinth, May 5th, 1862.

Brig. General J. B. Villepigue, Fort Pillow, Tenn.:

You will judge when it is necessary to retire from Fort Pillow, via Covington and Somerville, or Ripley, Brownsville, Jackson, and Grand Junction, to this place. The enemy have no land force to fear.

G. T. Beauregard.

The dispatches sent by Leonard for General Beauregard were numerous, but the foregoing will suffice to show the character of the whole.

General Beauregard finally decided to quit the army for a time, in order to restore his health, and he accordingly left for Mobile on June 17th. General Braxton Bragg succeeded him in command of the Western Department. Beauregard had angered President Jefferson Davis, and the President threw him out of the service rather arbitrarily. He returned to the service in August however, and was again given the full rank of general

While James F. Leonard may have sent a number of telegrams for General Bragg, no record of such work is extant. He had sent his wife and child on to Columbus in May, and after Beauregard quit the army he too resigned his position and entered the service of the Southwestern Telegraph Company, with headquarters in Columbus.

In Columbus Leonard put his letter in the Presbyterian Church, and rented himself a little home near the telegraph office. He made many friends in Columbus, though he resided there but a few weeks, and among these new-found friends Judge Nathaniel E. Goodwin, an elder in the church, was one of the most loyal and devoted. Judge Goodwin was known as the telegraphers' friend, and "Jimmie" Leonard was his favorite of the hundred or more operators that he knew. The friendship was quite mutual, Leonard regarding the jurist as his second father. The Judge was one of the many watchers at the Kentuckian's bedside when he died.

We come now to the saddest, yet sometimes most beautiful, chapter, and one that can not be eliminated from a biography—the death of the subject.

VIII

"30"

LEONARD had lived in Columbus but a short time when he was stricken with typhoid fever; but we will let his wife tell of his illness and passing, which she does so well and so tenderly, in a letter to his brother, Charles G. Leonard, the California journalist, who died exactly five months after the subject of this memoir. The letter is as follows:

Louisville, Sept. 18, 1862.[1]

Dear Brother Charlie,—

It is with a trembling hand and an aching heart that I write these familiar words for him whom we loved so dearly; never let a day elapse without speaking of "Charlie, his eldest brother," and now, instead of the joyful time we had so long anticipated, when he would introduce to his dear brothers in far-off California their new-found Sister and little Niece—how different the prospect. I scarcely dare to hope that my Jimmie's wishes will ever be realized—that I will ever see you on earth, *but it is the dearest wish of my heart that I may*. You will doubtless like to hear an account of your dear brother's last illness and triumphal departure to the world of light.

Jimmie died in Columbus, Miss., at 12:12 at night on the 29 of last July. We removed from Memphis to

[1] Original in the possession of Mrs. T. O. Baker, Brooklyn, New York.

Columbus last May and had just gone to housekeeping for the first time since our marriage. He appeared very well indeed till about two weeks previous to his death when he was taken ill, the Doctor [R. H. Matthews] pronouncing his disease to be typhoid fever. He was up the day before he died, and neither of us for an instant thought he was seriously ill. On Monday morning the Dr. called as usual, and said he thought he would not give him medicine that day. I laughingly remarked he must for Jimmie was telling me he would take me in the Country the next day, for he thought he was a great deal better (being out of pain) and would be up in a day or two. The Dr. called me into another room and told me—what has struck such a blow to my heart and has changed me so much that my nearest friends did not know me afterwards.

We went in the room where my darling lay and told him. He gave a slight shudder and turned then to me, saying: "*That* was for you and my baby. Now I leave you in God's hands; I know you will be kindly cared for and will reach home in safety. Tell all my friends what a triumphant death I died; I am going to my Father; He hath need of me. I have only been with darling [his wife] 19 months and I thought many years of happiness was in store for us, but I must go home to Jesus." He then asked us to sing "Rock of Ages," in which he joined till the 3rd verse, when his voice gave way, and he sweetly smiling said: "Next time I sing 'twill be in the high courts of Heaven." Then clasping his hands he said: "Oh, I am standing on the brinks of Jordan—just waiting to be carried over—would you could go too, but you must live for our baby, and Oh,

don't let her forget her poor Papa." He then left messages for all his family, and told me to tell his dear brother Charlie, his eldest brother, that he died triumphantly, and tell him so to live that he shall meet me; that I will watch o'er him, and Oh, tell him to think of Jimmie and that he longed for him ere he died. And my brother Sam: tell him never to forget our last talk together, and that he must try and meet me too." And Oh, here his voice nearly gave way and weeping, he said: "My twin brother [John M. Leonard]; my heart ever, ever yearns toward him; Oh, would he were with me now." He tried to speak of him, but he wept so as he thought of him, he said: "I cannot speak any more; but tell him to meet *his twin brother in Heaven*, and tell my brothers that I commit you, my own darling wife, to them; that Jimmie's legacy to them is you and his child. Never to forget you, and my Sister: tell her that she and her children were remembered in Jimmie's prayers every day."

About 15 minutes ere he died, he looked at me and said: "Don't you hear that music? It seems as if it came from Heaven; 'tis like a thousand harps." Then asking me to kiss him once more, saying: "My own darling. We were too happy on this earth; do not grieve. You, I know, will join me soon, my own darling, precious little wife." And saying this he fell asleep in Jesus' arms.

Oh, my brother, many say he surely was an Angel ere he left this sphere. His countenance was at one time so bright none could gaze on it. I had many friends around me, and he was surrounded with every comfort, and died in my arms. But I know if it were

not for the hope of meeting him in Our Father's mansions ere long, God only knows what I should do. I worshipped Jimmie too much. God took my Idol from me, but He has left me a dear little babe,—you would love it so much. She is a very handsome child; she is never taken out that people do not stop and inquire whose child she is. She is beautiful, very large, weighs 25 pds., and very healthy—almost too hearty for her poor Mother.

I would write more but am too tired, and I want to write to Sister Eleanor also. Dear brother, though I have never seen you, I love you and feel as if we had known each other for years, because my Jimmie's constant talk was of you. I will write particulars of Jimmie's movements, etc., since the war next time. Sister got your letter of July 1, but the one you said you would mail by the 8th, never reached her. I reached Louisville about 10 days ago, after a dangerous journey of nearly one week. And now, my dear brother, I bid you goodbye. I do not know if you will understand this letter, for I scarcely have my own mind yet.

Your Sister Minnie.

When you write please address: Mrs. James F. Leonard, Louisville, Ky.

P. S.: Please send this letter to Sister Eleanor.

Leonard was five feet and eleven inches in height, his normal weight being one hundred and thirty pounds; he had blue eyes, light hair, fair complexion, rather full lips, regular nose, and a faint smile usually played over his face. His figure was rather slender, it is true, but

had he not worked himself literally to death, and thus voluntarily became one of telegraphy's earliest martyrs, he would, in all probability, have lived many years in advance of the twenty-seven years, ten months, and twenty-one days that he did live.

On the day after Leonard's death, John Van Horne, General Superintendent of the Southwestern Telegraph Company, of which company Doctor Norvin Green was president, with headquarters in Louisville, sent this message:

By Telegraph from Columbus, Miss., July 30, 1862.
To All Operators:

I grieve to say that Jimmy Leonard died yesterday morning (29th) at 12½ o'clock.[1] The many sterling virtues of the deceased, as well as his protracted and faithful service to the Company, render it appropriate that this sad event should be communicated to you in an official manner, that we may all with one accord lament the loss of one of our best operators and most genial comrades. It is sad to think that he was stricken down in the midst of events exciting hopes of a speedy return to his old Kentucky home. If "an honest man's the noblest work of God," no nobler work is left us than he who has been so suddenly taken from us. His family deserves your sympathy.[2]

JNO. VAN HORN, Gen'l Sup't.

[1] Mrs. Leonard's statement, "Jimmie died in Columbus, Miss., at 12:12 at night on the 29th of last July," is the authoritative one.
[2] Original in the possession of Mrs. T. O. Baker, Brooklyn, New York.

The Columbus newspaper printed the following obituary and eulogy:

DIED.

In this city, on the 29th of July, 1862, James Francis Leonard, of Kentucky, in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

"Jimmy Leonard," as he was affectionately known to his comrades, was a telegrapher of remarkable skill, a gentleman of irreproachable character, a Christian of untiring zeal, and a husband who "permitted not even the winds of summer to visit *her* too roughly" whom he had made the partner of his bosom. His memory will live long in the hearts of his friends. His noble spirit has gone home

"While the dew of his youth was
Yet fresh on his brow."

Leonard's funeral took place at the Presbyterian Church, and his body was interred in the Columbus Cemetery, where a marker was later placed at his grave. The pastor of his church, Doctor James A. Lyon, delivered a most beautiful eulogy over Leonard's bier, and four years afterward wrote this letter to his brother:

Columbus, Miss., June 10th, 1866.

Rev. J. T. Leonard, Owingsville, Ky.

My Dear Sir:

Allow me to thank you for the moneys you have collected to be distributed among those who have suffered from the failure of the cotton crop.

You ask me about your sainted brother, James Francis Leonard, Gen. Beauregard's Military Telegrapher.

When by the movements of the army he was stationed here, the first thing he did was to hunt up the church and the Sabbath-school and the prayer-meeting. Eternity was perfectly familiar to him and devotion shone on his face. He never neglected the duties of his station for a moment, but he had cast his anchor within the veil. In a word, to give you my estimate of him, he was the most spiritual-minded man I ever knew.

Very truly yours,

JAMES A. LYON.

Leonard was a Mason, being a member of Abraham Lodge No. 8, Louisville. This fine old Lodge was founded at Middletown, Kentucky, in 1801, but was removed to Louisville two years later. Mann Butler, the Kentucky historian, and many other distinguished Kentuckians, have been members of it.[1] Leonard's application for membership was most probably presented by his friend, John V. Cowling, himself a promi-

[1] *The History of Free Masonry in Kentucky.* By Robert Morris. Louisville, 1859. Pages 468, 469.

nent member, in 1855 or 1856. Leonard took the first three degrees, and thus became a Master Mason. A year and seven months after his death the Grand Master of the United States gave his widow this letter:[1]

St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 13th, A:. L:. 5864.

To all whom it may concern, but more especially to Master Masons:

Know ye that the bearer hereof, Mrs. Ruth M. Leonard, is the widow of a Master Mason, and as such is entitled to all the courtesies due to both the Widow and Daughter of a Mason.

Given under my hand at St. Paul this 13th day of February, 1864. A:. L:. 5864.

A. T. C. PIERSON, Grand Master.

Mrs. Leonard married Colonel William Parsons Washburn in Clay County, Georgia, October 28, 1864. Colonel Washburn was the son of the Reverend Royal and Harriet Parsons Washburn, and was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, April 15, 1830, where his father was pastor of the First Congregational Church. He graduated from Amherst College, studied law, and went South to practice. Like many other New Englanders, he entered the Confederate Army and became a gallant soldier. Mrs. Leonard-Washburn died in Knoxville, Tennessee,

[1] Original in the possession of Mrs. T. O. Baker, Brooklyn, New York.

October 14, 1877, leaving no children by her second marriage. Colonel Washburn, however, legally adopted her only daughter, and gave her his name. He died in Knoxville on February 6, 1904. Carlotta Leonard-Washburn was educated in a Knoxville private school and was later graduated from Hollins Institute, in Virginia. On September 1, 1887, she married Professor Thomas O. Baker, an Ohioan, who is at the present time identified with the public school system of New York City.

IX

AFTER MANY YEARS

FOR twenty-four years the body of James Francis Leonard was allowed to sleep in alien soil. But in August, 1885, at the fifth annual reunion of the Old-Time Telegraphers' Association, held in New York City, the founder of the Association, Colonel Charles Edward Taylor (July 1, 1833–March 11, 1893), presented a letter to it, asking for an appropriation with which to remove "the remains of our dead hero, James Francis Leonard, who died in 1862, from the cemetery at Columbus, Miss., back to his old Kentucky home, and there to erect to his memory a monument, suitably inscribed." The Association unanimously acted on Colonel Taylor's letter, and President James D. Reid appointed the following committee to raise the necessary funds and carry out the object: George M. Dugan, Superintendent, with headquarters at Jackson, Tennessee; Edward H. Hogshead, manager of the Western Union office at Meridian, Mississippi; and Colonel Taylor, manager of the Western Union office at Frankfort, Kentucky.[1]

[1] *Report of the Old-Timers' Sixth Meeting.* Pamphlet, New York, 1887.

From the biographer of Leonard, Colonel Taylor merits a most kind word. He was the best friend Leonard ever had, before or after his death. Their friendship reminds one of the stories of David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias. Indeed, his connection in preserving and establishing Leonard's claim as the first practical sound-reader, and as the greatest American telegrapher, is not unlike the work Doctor Samuel D. Gross did in preserving and establishing Doctor Ephraim McDowell's claim as the father of ovariotomy, except Colonel Taylor's task was comparatively easy, his essays in the telegraphic journals always eliciting additional confirmation, and never refutation, while Doctor Gross had the medical men of the world against him for a generation, but he, too, lived to see his claims accepted and a proper monument erected to his hero.

Colonel Taylor was the brother of Robert B. Taylor, and therefore Leonard's first cousin. He was educated in the Frankfort schools, and early entered the telegraph office of his brother. He was stationed at Frankfort, Louisville, Buffalo, and New York City, at different periods of a long career. He was in charge of the Frankfort office at the time of his death.

On November 7, 1885, the monument committee issued an appeal to the telegraphers of the country to

COLONEL CHARLES EDWARD TAYLOR

aid them in their undertaking, and from every State in the Union contributions came. In the latter part of May, 1886, sufficient funds had been obtained, and the committee agreed to proceed with the purchase of the monument. Colonel Taylor had himself designed a monument, which was approved by the committee and friends in New York, so he now went to Louisville and ordered it. From Louisville he went to Jackson, Tennessee, where he was joined by Mr. Dugan, and together they continued the journey to Columbus, Mississippi. At Artesia, George W. McCann was added to the party. They arrived in Columbus on May 24th, and went at once to the cemetery, where they disinterred Leonard's remains and left the same day with them for Frankfort, where upon arrival they were placed in a vault. On July 21st the monument reached Frankfort, was taken to the State Cemetery, erected in Colonel Taylor's lot, veiled, and the remains of the hero reinterred directly in front of it. His grave is "in the southern part of the cemetery, where the grass in early winter is still green and beautiful and plentifully besprinkled with brown pine needles, the combination forming the most gorgeous of carpets, and surrounded by small trees bearing berries that in June are fragrant with clusters of small pink and white bells, much like

the huckleberry blossom. But in the winter it is gay with berries as red as the berries of the holly. Neither midsummer's heat nor midwinter's cold can tarnish the sheen nor shrivel the beauty of the leaf. Amid all this beauty, 'that Nature's own and cunning hand laid on,' "[1] came a goodly company on the twenty-fourth anniversary of Leonard's death, July 29, 1886, to unveil his long-delayed monument. The afternoon was a perfect one, its peace being broken by "no long procession or flourish of trumpets, but simply a gathering at the grave of the devoted friends of the deceased, and a great many others not without State pride, who sought to do honor to a native genius, from the fruits of whose discovery the world has reaped a bountiful harvest." The Governor of Kentucky, J. Proctor Knott; General Fayette Hewitt, State Auditor; the Mayor of Frankfort, E. H. Taylor, Jr.; Judge George W. Craddock, representative of the stockholders of the first telegraph line south of the Ohio, and the one in whose service Leonard began his career; the Reverend George Darsie; Colonel Charles E. Taylor, the man who built the monument; George W. McCann; the Reverend J. T. Leonard, only surviving brother of the hero; Professor C. A.

[1] *The Frankfort Cemetery*. By Ella Hutchison Ellwanger. *The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, January 13, 1901.

Leonard, Leonard's nephew; and Miss Carlotta Leonard-Washburn, Leonard's only child, were among the notable persons present. The ladies of the company had previously covered the grave with flowers, "and within a few feet of this spot, sheltered from the slanting rays of the sun by intervening trees and the stately column reared by Kentucky to perpetuate the fame of her soldiers slain in battle, the ceremonies of the occasion began."[1]

The chairman, Colonel C. E. Taylor, introduced the Reverend J. T. Leonard, who pronounced the following invocation:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we stand here to-day in thy presence, under the open sky, surrounded by these monuments of the dead, to thank thee for the life of gentle worth and achievement of the deceased—the one lived near to the throne of grace, and the other commemorating a simple yet great advance in the art of transmitting intelligence, hidden from ages and generations and now made known in these latter days.

We thank thee that thou didst put it into the minds and hearts of these, his comrades, to erect this marble column in his memory, and in memory of his endowment by thee of such marvelous practical skill in leading the way to a great improvement. We thank thee for his deep and ardent piety, his devotion as husband and

[1] *The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, July 31, 1886.

friend, his example as a man, and his "absolute sense of duty"[1] on all occasions.

We are deeply impressed with the singular honor conferred upon him by the presence of the Chief Magistrate of this great Commonwealth, and other friends of his among his comrades.

May this beautiful shaft this day unveiled tell to future generations the story of the impression made by the mystic click on the inventive brain of James Francis Leonard; may the discovery made by him continue to bless succeeding ages, and may his personal virtues be forever connected with his fame.

And now unto thee, with whom are the issues of life and death, be praise and glory forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

At the conclusion of the invocation, Colonel Taylor and Mr. McCann unveiled the monument.

The orator of Duluth, Governor J. Proctor Knott, was then introduced, and he pronounced a most exquisite eulogy—the best serious, historical effort of his career:

[1] This is the characterization of Doctor Norvin Green, president of the Southwestern Telegraph Company when Leonard was connected with it, and later president of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

In speaking of the early days of the telegraph, Doctor Green once said: "At first all dispatches were registered on tape and had to be deciphered and written out afterward. Several claim to have been the first to receive messages by sound. Certainly several discovered about the same time that messages could be taken by sound, and all are undoubtedly honest in their claim. Ex-Governor Cornell thinks he was the first to take dispatches by sound. He was an operator at Utica, N. Y., and made the discovery while talking over the wire with his uncle, I. S. Wood, the superintendent of the Montreal Telegraph Company, who was at an instrument in Montreal. James F. Leonard, an operator at Louisville, Ky., now dead, was the first that I knew of to do it."—*Gleanings From The Telegraph*. By N. M. Booth. Page 20.

There[1] is nothing, perhaps, which more strikingly illustrates the dominion of the human intellect over the mysterious forces of material nature than the wonderful development which modern genius has made in the science of electricity and its application to the manifold demands of a restless and rapidly advancing civilization. A little over a century ago an illustrious disciple of the grand system of Baconian philosophy, whose fame illumines the brightest page of our country's history, lured the subtle agency from its home in the clouds, where it had dwelt for unnumbered ages, the supreme object of superstitious awe—the dreaded menace and the ruthless weapon of a wrathful Deity—and by the potency of his art stripped it of its ancient terror. Another found it lurking, unseen and unsuspected, amid the infinitesimal molecules of matter everywhere, and dragged it from its ancient hiding place. Another made it the ready and efficient servant of man in many of the subtler processes of the useful arts. Another has made it mock the myriad luminaries which gild the dome of night with the splendor of its effulgence. Another has seized it and sent it on his errands with the speed of thought and gentle as the carrier dove. And another, from an inspiration equally as inscrutible and unerring, learned to interpret its inarticulate speech, which, to the initiated, has become as intelligible as the voice of the familiar friend.

This last, but by no means the least, brilliant star in this splendid galaxy of perceptive genius was James Francis Leonard, a native Kentuckian, and born and reared in the beautiful little city which nestles yonder at the base of this consecrated hill.

[1] *The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, July 31, 1886.

He sprang from a sturdy ancestry, who realized the golden truth that

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,"

and who made fealty to duty, purity of character and rectitude of conduct, the controlling principle of their lives, whether in the factory or in the forum, in the pulpit or at the bar, in the workshop of the artisan or the halls of legislation.

It was never my pleasant fortune to know him personally, but I have been told by those before whom he went in and out continually from the day on which he was left an orphan, less than three years old, until he stepped upon the arena in the full panoply of manhood, that he was a gentle, affectionate and dutiful son, and an amiable, generous, truthful, noble-hearted boy, trusted by all who knew him, and scrupulously conscientious in the discharge of every trust.

In the very infancy of the art, when scarcely fourteen years of age, he adopted the profession of telegraphy as his calling for life. He sought no royal road to success, but entered the service in its humblest capacity, as messenger boy to the office in his native city, where he displayed such a surprising aptitude for his vocation that in less than a year he was transferred to the main office at Louisville. There he rapidly acquired a skill and achieved a distinction as an operator which have never been paralleled in the annals of that profession.

Although but a boy in years, his career as a man commenced the day he turned his back upon his childhood's home for a wider field of action; and that career, cut off before he had completed his twenty-eighth year,

while he was yet in the full flush of his young manhood, and when his active genius was pluming its wings for the grander flights of usefulness and honor, is said to have been a constant exemplification of every virtue that distinguishes a noble Christian character.

Handsome in person and pleasing in manner, modest as a maiden yet brave as a belted knight; gentle as a child, yet firm as the "rock-ribbed hills" in his allegiance to truth and right; generous as the air he breathed, yet the incarnation of inflexible justice; genial as the sunshine of spring in his intercourse with his comrades, yet a living rebuke to every shade of impurity or vice, he not only made hosts of friends wherever he went, but "grappled them to his soul with hoops of steel."

Oh! I need not tell you all this. The occasion which has brought us together, and the very ceremonies in which we are engaged, speak to you of the worth of the man far more than any poor words of mine. James F. Leonard was the first operator in the world to suggest and demonstrate the fact that a telegraphic message could be received by sound, without the aid of the costly and complicated instruments which had theretofore been considered indispensable to that purpose. The establishment of that simple fact has saved the gigantic corporations which control the telegraphs of the world hundreds of thousands, aye, millions of dollars; but did they, out of the plenitude of their coffers, contribute a cent to the erection of a monument to his genius, or a memorial to his virtues? No. It was those who knew him and loved him, his bosom friends, the associates of his brief but brilliant career, the veterans of his profession, who guarded for a quarter of a cen-

tury his silent resting place among the graves of strangers, and with fraternal hands gathered up his sacred dust and brought it to this hallowed ground, so often pressed by the innocent patter of his own innocent footsteps, there to remain until it shall be revivified by the immaculate Spirit, which is, perhaps, at this moment looking down upon us from its bright abode. It was the "Old-Timers" of the corps with whom he served, who out of their scanty savings reared this beautiful shaft as an unbought tribute of genuine, heartfelt affection to the memory of their dead friend.

It was not needed, however, to perpetuate the memory of James F. Leonard. Every sound-reader hears in the busy click of his instrument a constant reminder of his virtues, a perpetual eulogium upon his genius. But it will stand there, a mute but eloquent memorial to coming generations of the generous friendship of Colonel Charles E. Taylor, George W. McCann, and their associates, for the loved companion of their early manhood—a friendship which will survive when this monumental marble shall have crumbled into dust, and animate their noble souls through the countless cycles of eternity.

Judge George W. Craddock followed the eloquent Knott. He referred to his acquaintance with Leonard, and the great obstacles that telegraphers and proprietors of lines in the early days of the '50s had to contend against. With other things of interest, he told how the people along the line of the wire in Russell,

HONORABLE J. PROCTOR KNOTT

Florence, and Tuscumbia, Alabama, had looked upon the great modern electrical wonder. About the only man there who could read, and who was in consequence deemed an oracle, had informed the people that the drought from which the country was suffering was occasioned by the electricity drawn out of the atmosphere and into the wires. This exasperated the ignorant ones, and they tore down the wires for a distance of more than forty miles. They were put up and torn down again, and this was repeated for several weeks or more. The Governor said he would send troops, but the company refused their assistance, under the belief that it would be better to reason with the people. A very fine wire, running along the fences and not exposed to view, was finally substituted temporarily until an accommodation could be effected. To that end George V. Rutherford, an operator from Louisville, went down in Alabama, and gave a lecture on the known nature and effects of electricity. His argument on the fallacy of the position taken by the people was so clear and convincing that the oracle who had given rise to all the mischief admitted that he had only made the statement for a joke. This ended the trouble, but the joke cost the company a very large sum of money, and was the cause of Judge Craddock's disposing of his interest,

which, if it had been retained, would now be worth a fortune. The episode served to illustrate the difference in the opinions of the people of the past and present in respect to telegraphy, and to show why there was very little note taken at the time of the great discoverer and demonstrator of sound-reading.

After Judge Craddock had concluded, the Reverend George Darsie, of the Christian Church, Frankfort, read an elegy written for the occasion by Leonard's sister Mrs. Charles T. Overton, of California:

JAMES FRANCIS LEONARD.

A THRENODY.

Within the sober realms of vanished years
I stand to-day, with hushed and reverent feet;
Down from the walls of memory I bring
The trophies of a life rich and complete.

Not with a mother's love and tenderness
I draw aside the misty veil of tears,
But as a sister may, I touch the spring
Which lifts the curtain from the buried years.

Far on the lengthened vista of the past
I see again my old Kentucky home,
I catch a vision of the sunset hills
Where once my youthful feet were wont to roam.

I feel the drops beneath the fountain's spray,
And linger on the sunny hills and slopes—
Clasping once more my brother's proffered hand,
Whose dear young life fulfilled our fondest hopes.

Tender of heart and ever brave of deed,
He looked a hero, born of goodly race;
Sweet pity stirred the promptings of his soul,
And cast the features of his manly face.

With the deepest yearnings for the infinite
He quickly caught the spirit's telephone;
A boy in years, with character matured,
To fullest stature of a man he'd grown.

Ablaze with genius and aflame with zeal,
He caught the spirit of electric force.
The first Sound-Reader, he interpreted
The telegraphic alphabet of Morse.

Boy hero of the pregnant hour he stood,
Ne'er thinking, as he carved his unknown name,
That some time men would rear a monument,
Fain to perpetuate his deathless fame.

Where duty called he hastened to the front,
Setting no price upon his youthful head—
The South, scathed and fever-scourged,
Found him beside the dying and the dead.

Bravely and manfully he held his post
Until his pulses caught the scathing fires,
Until a martyred hero's name was flashed,
With tongue of flame, o'er the electric wires.

"Along the lines which reached from earth to heaven
He caught the cadence of the glad new song."
In wrapt and tuneful harmony he joined
The alleluiahs of the blood-washed throng.

A stranger's burial-place received his dust,
No marble marked the hero's peaceful rest,
No kindred sat as warders round a spot
Where loving angels brought their sweet behest.

But now, behold! a loyal brotherhood
Removes the body from the stranger's grave,
Back to his old Kentucky home they bring
The cast-off garment of the loved and brave.

In the free masonry of life and death,
True to the pledges of their sacred trust,
Beneath a shaft of marble white as snow
They place the casket which contains his dust.

Here, then, we pause in voiceful harmony
Chanting the litanies of love we bring,
While joining with the angels who encamp
About the tomb, in presence of the King.

Waiting a moment for the rhythmic beat of the poem to sink into the consciousness of the company, Colonel Taylor and Mr. McCann, gray-haired veterans of telegraphy, walked over to the grave, and while standing on either side with clasped hands, the Colonel

said that though he could add nothing to the tribute already bestowed, he could most feelingly speak of the strong ties of affection which bound Leonard in life to his friends, as typified in the motto of Kentucky, "United we stand, divided we fall."

The benediction was pronounced by Doctor Darsie, which was supposed to conclude the ceremonies, but Leonard's friends lingered to hear read a few letters of commendation from his former comrades in telegraphy.

The Italian marble monument to Leonard is undoubtedly one of the most appropriate and unique in the State Cemetery. It is twelve feet in height; each of the four edges represent miniature telegraph poles, strung with wires, and the front face has an old telegraphic instrument, with which a hand has just transmitted the message "30"—the end. Beneath this, in large letters, is the name "LEONARD." Into the west face of the monument is inscribed the principal epitaph:

JAMES FRANCIS LEONARD
Born at Frankfort, Ky., September 8, 1834
Died at Columbus, Miss., July 29, 1862
Aged 27 years, 10 months, and 21 days
"Called" Home by the Grand "Chief Operator"
To Work the Eternal "Circuit" Above

The south face bears this fact:

His Comrades, the "Old-Time Telegraphers,"
Have Caused His Remains to be Brought Back
To His "Old Kentucky Home," and Erected
This Monument to His Memory.

The east face contains the seventh stanza of Mrs. Overton's poem:

Ablaze with Genius and Aflame with Zeal,
He Caught the Spirit of Electric Force.
The First Sound-Reader, He Interpreted
The Telegraphic Alphabet of Morse.

The sixth annual meeting of the Old-Timers was held in Cleveland, Ohio, August 18 and 19, 1886, three weeks after the unveiling of the Leonard monument. The Association's most distinguished member, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, was not present, but other famous knights of the key were. The president of the Old-Timers, James D. Reid, called the meeting to order, and delivered the opening address. In the course of his remarks, President Reid said:

There are no doubt many good men who have of late years entered the telegraphic ranks, but they can never outrank in skill or character or devotion the men

who honored the telegraphic service before the close of the war, or the men whose names now form the roll of the Old-Timers' Association. They were all princes in those early days, and did royal work. For such men and by such men has this Association been formed, to rivet the old bonds anew and to see that the old fires of fellowship and loyalty are rekindled.

It would, perhaps, be untrue to say that our best men are dead; and yet, memory turns to-day to many well-remembered faces and forms, types of what was best and noblest in human life. Anson Stager, who for many years made Cleveland his home, and who had much to do with the origin of this Association, O. H. Booth, its first President, and many others, are to-day at rest. Only last night Henry O'Rielly, one of the first and most energetic of the pioneers of the telegraph, passed away, and to whom larger notice is due. My own mind runs back with affectionate memory to some whose gentleness and skill and loyalty gave to me and my administration its chief satisfaction and success. I shall not soon forget the pleasant faces of James Lindsay, of George B. Hicks, of Frank Stevens, of Cody and Kelchner, of the two Durfees, the elder of whom resembled Leonard in his wondrous skill at the key and in the calm beauty of his life. Of Jimmie Leonard I can not speak as he deserved. My brothers, it is a revelation of the true elements of substantial fame when a monument comes to be erected to the memory of one whose chief claim to remembrance was the purity and the gentleness of his life. Great men die and are forgotten, but the pure and gentle lives who drop the golden pollen of their souls in other hearts live like the

mountain rills, which sing their way along the valleys of the world forever. Your brother, Charles E. Taylor, of Frankfort, by an affectionate energy worthy of all praise, has had erected over Leonard's grave a beautiful commemorative stone, to which you generously contributed. It is due to one not with us to-day to say that to the generosity of Walter P. Phillips, of New York, John W. George, of New York, and to the kind heart of Mr. Charles C. Hine, the completion of that monument is chiefly due.

At the conclusion of President Reid's address, fifty new members of the Association were elected, after which Colonel Taylor "arose, and after the applause with which he was greeted had subsided, said he was glad to be with his brother Old-Timers to-day, and, as he was not much of a talker, had written what he had to say." He told of the origin of the Association, and the details of the erecting and unveiling of the monument to Leonard. The concluding paragraphs of the old Kentuckian's paper deserve to be reproduced:

I would be doing less than my duty to you did I omit to mention the part taken in the ceremonies by J. Proctor Knott, Governor of Kentucky. His appreciation of the honor due to the memory of our deceased comrade induced him to recognize by his personal presence and the dignity of his official position the claim of merit and faithful duty. The part taken by Governor Knott was a free-will offering, nobly inspired

THE LEONARD MONUMENT

and eloquently performed. I feel no hesitation in declaring for my comrades here assembled, and for the craft throughout the world to whom these proceedings may go, a sentiment of gratitude to Governor Knott, which will find expression on all proper occasions. I hand to the Secretary papers containing a full report of all proceedings, which I trust will be read to you, especially Governor's Knott remarks and the poem from our friend's sister.

The monument erected by you, comrades, now stands in my lot in our beautiful city of the dead, a just tribute to a noble-hearted Christian boy, who gave his young life up in the cause. Loving hands will watch and keep his grave green. His good name has been handed down in honor to future generations. The stone erected by your generous aid reflects honor upon you and the entire fraternity. I trust that all of you some day will make a brief pilgrimage to his last resting place, and drop a kind tear on his grave. Peace to his ashes!

Colonel Taylor then asked that the monument committee be discharged, and he handed to the Secretary newspapers containing accounts of the unveiling. In conclusion, he said:

Comrades, I beg your indulgence to say a few words for myself.

It has been my earnest wish for the past fifteen or twenty years to have Jimmie Leonard's remains brought home. I wanted the operators to do it. I knew him and loved him in life. A truer friend and kinder

Christian gentleman never lived. About two years ago I commenced writing him up in the telegraph papers, stating fully and plainly what I claimed for him, and invited coöperation. Several came to my rescue in print, and told more wonderful things that had been done by him than I myself knew.

Comrades, it has been a duty and labor of love with me, and I thank the Grand Chief Operator above that by your generous aid and assistance I have been able to successfully accomplish the grand object of my life. My old heart is happy and glad, and goes out with fraternal warmth to you all. There was not a happier man in old Kentucky than your humble servant on the 29th of last July. I feel that I have done my full duty to the memory of our comrade, and fully carried out your wishes. My reward is in my bosom, which this day feels light and glad.

Secretary William J. Dealy, of New York City, then read to the Association the *Louisville Courier-Journal's*[1] account of the ceremonies at Leonard's grave; a vote of thanks was tendered Colonel Taylor, the committee was discharged, and it was ordered that the papers be printed in full as a part of the minutes.

President Reid, after hearing the details of the unveiling, realized that he had stated in his opening address only one of the three reasons why Leonard looms so large in the history of the American telegraph;

[1] *The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, July 31, 1886.

that he had made a *lapsus linguæ* or a *lapsus memoriæ*, and now remarked, apologetically: "You noticed that in speaking of Leonard I said nothing about his being a sound-reader. I could not praise a man for disobeying orders.[1] There are few other men that command the reverence that Jimmy Leonard did, from the purity of his heart and the sweetness of his character. He had the faculty of receiving a message and talking at the same time; his mind seemed to be divided, so he could use it for two purposes at the same time."

In concluding an excellent paper of reminiscences, Charles C. Hine said:

> A good deal of splurge was made through the papers three or four years ago on the occasion of one of President Arthur's messages, which was sent and received without a break; but Billy Barr [at Louisville] and I [at St. Louis] did that identical thing on the night of Monday, March 5, 1849, with President Taylor's inaugural. As usual our river crossing was broken, and the newspaper reporters, swift writers of course, came over to Illinoistown to take the message as I should read it from the instrument. Those were the days when we were compelled to use paper. Everything being ready, Billy Barr commenced, and in about two minutes and a half I had about two yards and a half of paper unread, with the reporters yelling "Hold on! Hold on!" That was

[1] Referring to the law that was passed in the early '50s by the telegraph companies against sound-reading, mention of which is made on page 19.

not going to do, so organizing our own forces I took Harry Graham and a man named Maas, both swift writers, and they alternated, reading by turns to the reporters in another room. Barr began again, and with the exception of an occasional "77" and a responsive "aye, aye," from my end, the entire inaugural address was sent without a break or the repetition of a single word! I think public mention was made of the fact in the St. Louis papers at the time; whether such was the case or not, it was a fact, and telegraphy did not have to wait for President Arthur to construct a message which should be sent through without a break—the feat was accomplished at least thirty-two years before Arthur sat down in the presidential chair.

Speaking of *paper*, the superintendents became alarmed in those days at the rapid spread of sound-work, and promulgated a law over all the lines that business should not be done by sound. We were compelled by this regulation to let the paper run and take the message by the eye. This continued to be the fashion up to the time of my drifting off into other business, and the consequence was that I never became an expert sound-reader.

I can not close without making allusion to dear Jimmy Leonard. He was the first expert sound-reader that I knew, and his performances in the St. Louis office while he was there on a visit we all regarded as simply marvelous. He wrote a very pretty hand, and he would sit and write out messages on the printed blanks ready for the envelopes (while I was taking them in the regular orthodox way), delivering a beautifully finished job simultaneously with my pencil copy, and absolutely

accurate every time. During his stay our river crossing was out of order, and the instruments were transferred to the little place called Venice, opposite the northern part of St. Louis. There were not many houses, but there was a great number of great pecan trees in that neighborhood and the nuts were ripe. Many of these were large forest trees, from three to four feet through, and the nearest limbs thirty to fifty feet from the ground. I have repeatedly seen Jimmy Leonard take off his shoes and go up one of those great trees almost like a squirrel. No other boy in the party could pretend to do such a thing; but Jimmy was as fearless and as agile as he was good and lovable. In two respects at least, Jimmy Leonard was the champion boy of his day—as a sound-worker and as a tree-climber!"[1]

At the evening session of the Association, Philadelphia was selected as the place of the next reunion; Mr. Hine was elected president, Colonel Taylor was elected vice-president, and Mr. Dealy was re-elected secretary-treasurer. The meeting then adjourned, "and the Old-Timers retired *early*, so as to be in good condition for the morrow's festivities."

[1] "Leonard was a partner of N. M. Booth in the Portland line. He worked the Louisville end and Booth the Portland. The wire crossed the canal at the locks on poles about one hundred feet high, to be above the chimneys of the boats. The wire got down. Leonard climbed the pole like a squirrel and put up the wire, that had been pulled out of the insulator by Jim Porter, the Kentucky giant, running into the wire with his buggy as he crossed the bridge over the canal, a windstorm having blown down a pole, causing the wire to slack. Jimmie, in a joke, told the newspaper reporter that the 'wire was above the chimneys of the boats, but not out of the way of Jim Porter.'"—*Gleanings From The Telegraph*. By N. M. Booth. Page 25.

Early the next morning many of the Old-Timers and the members of the Military Society—which was meeting in Cleveland on the same dates that the Old-Timers were, and whose membership was composed solely of military telegraphers—went to Cottage Grove Lake, where a delightful day was spent close to Nature's heart. Those Old-Timers who did not take the lake trip were entertained by Mayor Gardner, of Cleveland, in his yacht, *The Marietta*. In the evening the full membership of the Association met at the Stillman House and closed the reunion with a banquet.

When the coffee was served President Hine arose and proposed the toast, "Professor Morse and Our Dead Comrades," which was drunk standing and in silence.

Martin W. Barr, of Washington, responded to the toast, "The Telegraphers of the Upper Ohio." In 1847, when working in Madison, Indiana, Barr and E. F. Barnes discovered electrolysis, which has since been of so much benefit. He concluded his speech with a single-sentence tribute to Leonard. which requires a rather long story to appreciate:

> I had the fright of my life at Madison. I had one afternoon half a dozen young girls in the office making it lively for me. Looking up I saw, through their curls, James D. Reid standing in my office door. I knew I

was ruined, and Mr. Reid punished me by shortly calling me to Louisville and giving me one of the best positions on the lines. . . . The line between Cincinnati and Louisville was a good one and was kept in fine order, but after a few months it began to behave strangely. It would open for five, ten, or fifteen minutes at intervals of an hour or two, and the trouble was located between Madison and Cincinnati. Henry O'Rielly, who was at Cincinnati, thought the opposition had emissaries on the line. He directed me to get the fleetest horse in Madison and ride rapidly. I halted about twelve miles east of Madison, on the brow of a hill, to blow my horse. Some time before, I found the wire out of a pole on the top of that hill. I had no tools, and climbers had not yet come into use. I took the wire on my shoulder and struggled up the pole, and as I lay panting at its foot, after having put the wire in place, my horse looked at me as much as to say "that was tough," and indeed it was. Inspired by the traditions of the spot, I made my plans. If there were four or more emissaries, I was to demand a parley; if not more than three, I was to attack them and send them to Henry O'Rielly bound hand and foot. I reached Lawrenceburg without adventure, where I was hailed by E. F. Barnes, who knew me by my weapons—a pile of wire and a pair of pliers. Barnes had a magnet, and by preconcerted answers of "Ii, Ii," and "no, no," from Cincinnati, he got what information he needed. We moved toward Madison, opening the line every ten miles, and before we got there Barnes was conversing freely. He had learned to read by sound on that trip. I could not get a word. I had what was afterward found out

to be the back-stroke, and which was cured by placing the finger on the armature until the ear took the cue from the touch. Jimmy Leonard never had the back-stroke. We reached my office, but failed to find the trouble until we pulled down that fancy switch. There was the trouble, but there also was electrolysis. Electrolytic action had insulated the copper from the iron wire. Electrolysis has come to be widely used in the arts, but it is Nature's lightning arrester.

In the wee hours of the morning the banquet was finished and the sixth annual meeting stood adjourned. Leonard was the real hero of the entire reunion; his name was on every speaker's tongue and in every Old-Timer's head and heart. They had honored the Kentuckian's memory more than the memory of any other man, and they all felt that they had done a work for themselves and for posterity.

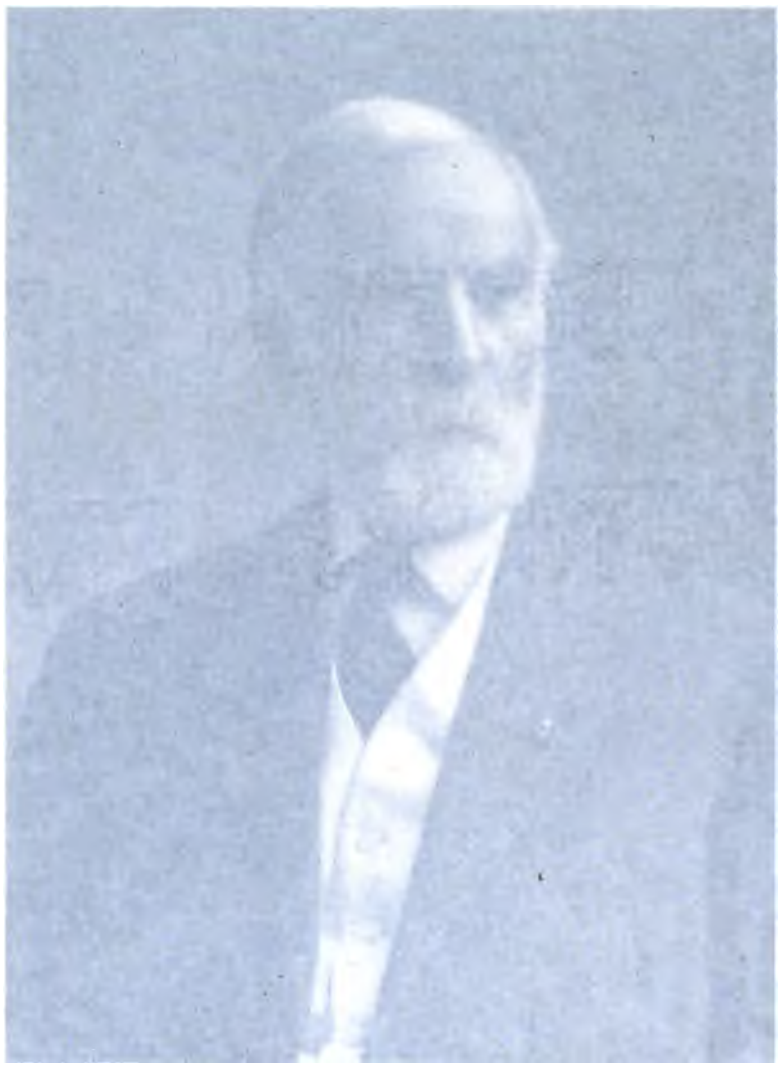
The Old-Time Telegraphers' and Historical Association, which is the present name of the organization, concluded its twenty-seventh reunion at Niagara Falls, New York, on September 18, 1908, after three days of work and play. The Association continues to grow, because a telegrapher who has been in the service for twenty years is eligible to membership. The members are, and always have been, fine fellows, and many of them are men of great ability, but the best thing they

have done, and the thing that will justify them a place in the history of the American telegraph should all of their other deeds be forgotten, is the magnificent memorial they have erected to the greatest of all Old-Timers —save the matchless Morse—James Francis Leonard. He sleeps near Kentucky's premier sculptor, Joel T. Hart, and in the shadow of the Military Monument. And though his fame is indistinct in many minds, he will, as the first practical sound-reader of the Morse alphabet in the world, as the swiftest telegrapher of all time, and as the unsullied Sir Galahad of Kentucky history, live.

"30"

PART FIRST

PART SECOND



Part Second

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

Colonel Joseph Crockett

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE FILSON CLUB AT ITS MEETING APRIL 6, 1908

BY

GENERAL SAMUEL W. PRICE

Member of The Filson Club

Author of "The Old Masters of the Bluegrass"

INTRODUCTION

THE period covered by the life of Colonel Crockett is unquestionably as interesting as any in the life of our country. We enjoy all personal narratives growing out of the Revolutionary struggle, especially one which afterward becomes interwoven with the annals of our State. Not many men had the experiences that fell to Colonel Crockett—a citizen of two States—a soldier in the service of both—a statesman—a politician—a farmer—a surveyor—an office-holder, and a retired man of wealth. All these he had and more, for he was the worthy sire of a family that became well known and remarkable in the history of Kentucky, also in that of far distant parts of our great Union.

Having lived in intercourse with distinguished and prominent men in his early life, he naturally fell into the same grade of society in the growing and new State of Kentucky, where he maintained his station well.

The road Colonel Crockett assisted in building, by his technical knowledge and a subscription of one pound eighteen shillings, was the famous "Wilderness Road" over which came so large a part of the early immigration to Kentucky.

Colonel Crockett acted promptly at the convention in Danville in 1788, mentioned by General Price, where Crockett took alarm at the strong manifestation of a desire evident among the members to separate from Virginia, even if by force. Having seen personally so many of the evils of war, he was aroused to instant action, and hurried to Lexington and back, in three days making the journey, and getting so large a number of signers to his remonstrance against separation that, strengthened by his oral arguments in the convention, he carried his point against separation. There was an amount of physical labor attending this movement of Colonel Crockett which we of this late day can not realize. Seated in the railroad train, one is whirled from Danville to Lexington in a short time, while Colonel Crockett must have consumed a good part of one day between the two towns, having to descend to the bank of the Kentucky, cross it, climb the stony, steep road on the other side, and thence by not too good a road to his destination, no matter which way he was traveling. Too much value can not be attached to such laborious, energetic service, which prevented what might have been a serious political mistake. If Colonel Crockett had never done but this one thing, he should have been remembered for it. But the period was full of important events, as well as

changes, growing out of the heavy immigration, the unrest, as a county or counties of a State with an almost inaccessible capital; the want of understanding of the needs of the people this side of the mountains, all of which causes brought about the remarkable series of events that marked the early history of Kentucky.

General Price has not told as much of the history of those days as might have been woven into a sketch of Colonel Crockett, but it is remarkable how readable a paper he has produced, when one remembers that blindness of years' standing has compelled General Price to rely upon others to read and write for him.

Colonel Crockett was certainly an old friend of General La Fayette, if one may judge by the affectionate way the two old men met in Lexington. And the incident of the little girl singing for the veteran General gives a homelike glimpse of society in that city that is very interesting—little events themselves often make greater ones more appealing to readers of the "long ago." The incidents connected with the visit of General La Fayette to Lexington and to Kentucky are ever welcome reading. And General Price's records, quite in detail, of the good old county clerk are well worthy of preservation in print—such genuine men are living now, no doubt, doing their duty to its full limit of service,

but their historian has yet to come. But in the narrative before us, each man who has had the years allowed him will see in the story of the old clerk the history of many a man now serving his county and State. These everyday faithful men are not so rare as you may think.

But the country where Colonel Crockett spent his declining years would not be recognized if he could return to it. Some few of the noble houses remain, it is true, but the woods have almost literally been burned up—the grass that so beautifully carpeted the hills and vales, sustaining the droves of horses and cattle, has been turned under and the soil cultivated—the timber cut away gives the eye long distances in sight, where once the view was limited—the streams that turned the ponderous machinery when forests raised their leafy heads in dense masses and drew the clouds to drop the moisture on the soft carpet at the foot of the trees and store it there, to be given out gradually under the influence of sun and winds, now rush their volumes in torrents of short duration, leaving their beds dry for most of the time. The large farms that once marked the face of the country are no longer the rule, for the smaller proprietor now tills the earth.

But we must leave the reader to enjoy the plain style of living indicated in the letters of those early days, when people were probably happier than they are to-day, though they did not have the telephone and rural letter carrier.

ALFRED PIRTLE,
Secretary of The Filson Club.

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OF

COLONEL JOSEPH CROCKETT

His Ancestors and Descendants.

ANTOINE Desasure Perronett de Crocketagne, son of Gabriel Gustave de Crocketagne, was born at Montauban, in the south of France, July 10, 1643. In 1664 his father obtained for him a position in the household guard of Louis XIV. He is said to have been one of the handsomest young men of the south of France, was an excellent horseman, devoted to his calling. "He drew the attention of the King by his fine appearance and love of duty." In 1669 he married Louise Desaix, and shortly after that left the service of the King on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It is said "the King was eager to retain him in his service and to place him second in command of his household guard." When we consider the grandeur of the reign of this, the most magnificent king that ever sat on the throne of France, called "Louis Le Grand," "Grand Monarque," "Greatest of all the Bourbons," and then

consider how great was his pride in his household troops, augmented until they numbered 8,000 strong, we then can appreciate how great an honor it would have been to have been placed second in command, and in the favor of such a king.

No reason is given for Antoine's leaving the King's service, but all is explained by his subsequent actions. It appears that he was a Protestant, and therefore could not serve even so great a king as Louis XIV, whose hand and sword were turned against those of his faith, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."[1]

In 1672, when all heretics were ordered to leave the south of France, he left his native land and took up his abode at Bantry Bay, in Ireland, as the agent of La Fontains and Maurys, who at that time had the monopoly of the wine and salt trade. In Ireland the name of Crocketagne was changed to Crockett.

Joseph Louis, the third son of Antoine, was born in Ireland in 1676 and married Sarah Stuart, daughter of Thomas Stuart, of Donegal, North Ireland.

John Crockett, the second son of this union, was born near Bantry Bay, in the north of Ireland, in the year 1707. At the age of twenty-seven he married Eliza

[1] Hebrews xi, 25.

Buelay, daughter of Captain Jean Buelay, who was a native of France, employed in the merchants' service of the French Protestants of the south of France. Captain Buelay was a liberal and enlightened member of the Roman Catholic communion. He placed his daughter Eliza under the care and training of one Matthew Maury, a Protestant gentleman from Gascony, who had been driven by persecution to seek safety among the Scotch Presbyterians, who were very numerous in the north of Ireland. John Crockett taught school there nearly two years. After the death of Louis XIV he revisited France and was again driven away by persecution to England, where he lived several years. It was through the watchful training of Mr. Maury that his wife became a member of the Protestant Church of England. John Crockett, soon after his marriage in 1732, settled in a colony of Virginia in old Culpeper County, where he taught school nearly five years, at White Post Academy. He afterward removed to Albemarle County and was principal of a high school there up to the time of his death, which took place June 9, 1770—five years before the Revolutionary War.

He had three sons, Joseph, Alexander, and William, and four daughters. Eliza, the eldest child, was born in Culpeper and married James Pryor of Augusta County,

Virginia. Sarah was also born there, and married James Cummings of Rockbridge County. Mary married Thomas Nicholson of Albemarle. Mr. Nicholson died soon after the marriage. She married again and settled somewhere on the Ohio River in northern Kentucky, but the date of this marriage and the name of her second husband are now lost. The fourth daughter was Elizabeth, who married Charles Watkins, and died in Virginia after the close of the Revolutionary War.

First a Farmer, and Then a Merchant.

Joseph Crockett was born in Albemarle County, May 7, 1742. Fortunate is the child whose parents are capable of appreciating the importance of beginning early the molding of its character—of knowing how to incline the twig in the proper direction. Joseph was peculiarly blessed in this respect, for before he had emerged from petticoats to trousers, his strong natural will was brought under control by the firm hand of a doting mother. In her discipline she was encouraged by the hearty support and approval of her husband. Besides the moral training she gave, the faithful and capable mother did not neglect his mental development, but with much labor and perseverance in elementary instruction she fitted

him at an eligible age to enter her husband's school for more advanced studies. Joseph, by assiduous and conscientious application, completed in his eighteenth year, with honor, the course of study. His school days over —the English grammar, the algebra, geometry, and other text-books assigned to the attic, there to await the demand of his successor according to birth—Joseph turned his attention to the cultivation of a small tract of land, belonging to his father and adjacent to the homestead. Although measurably successful in his efforts on the farm, he was ambitious to pursue some other business that might prove more lucrative; so at the age of twenty-five he moved to Staunton, then but a small settlement, and opened there a country store, which at the present time would be denominated a miniature department store. Having but little capital of his own, he bought most of his stock on credit; but was able in a few years, owing to his large patronage, to return the borrowed money, in the meantime obtaining a comfortable support. His store, like those of the present day, was a rendezvous for the neighboring farmers, especially on Saturday afternoons. There they not only exchanged their views on the cultivation of the soil, but even with more animation would discuss the politics of the day, dwelling with emphasis on the mother

country's treatment of her colonies. Taxation without representation was to them a great injustice. Crockett was of all the most vehement: could hardly restrain his martial spirit, and wanted at once to put on the war-paint.

Finally Became a Soldier.

When the news of the battle of Lexington spread from colony to colony, as though wafted on the wings of the wind, and it was known in truth that the struggle for independence had begun, among the first to respond were the Crocketts.

Like Cincinnatus, who left his plow in the midst of the furrow to enlist in his country's cause, at the first call to arms Joseph Crockett closed his store at Staunton and at once espoused the cause of the colonies against the oppression of George III. He returned to his home in Albemarle and immediately volunteered in Captain Fry's company of minute-men, which company was ordered to Williamsburg to assist Patrick Henry in preventing Lord Dunmore from seizing the powder in the magazines of Williamsburg. When Captain Fry's company arrived, they were two hours too late. Patrick Henry had succeeded and saved the powder, and Lord Dunmore never again visited Williamsburg.

Titles Won and Services Rendered During the Revolutionary War.

Crockett served under Colonel Hockaday, whose regiment was afterward commanded by Colonel Alexander. He was made Captain in Robert Richardson's regiment April 4, 1777. Later on, when Richardson resigned, he succeeded him in command, which position he retained until April 4, 1778, at which date he was at Valley Forge. He was in the battle of Monmouth, was at the battle of Trenton, and was promoted to Major in the regiment commanded by Colonel William Russell, which had been recruited in May, 1779. He was an officer in the Continental Virginia Line throughout the Revolutionary War, and served as such until the reorganization of the army according to the resolutions of Congress October, 1780, at which period he was reduced to the rank of Captain in the Seventh Regiment of the Virginia Line. Subsequently he was in the regiment of Colonel George Rogers Clark, which was called the Illinois Regiment. It was afterward known as the Crockett Regiment. His term of service, therefore, extended from September, 1774, to February, 1781. He was in as many battles and skirmishes as any other officer or private who served under Generals Washington, Greene,

Morgan, Clark, and others, and at all times distinguished himself by his courage, coolness, and daring. With him the post of honor was the post of danger. The summary of his military service is given in his own words in the following letter, addressed to his friend, Honorable Henry Clay, then a member of Congress:

Summary of His Military Service in a Letter to Henry Clay.

Jessamine Co., Ky., Mar. 1st, 1818.

Dear Sir and Friend:

I have seen an act of Congress, making provisions for the poor and indigent officers and soldiers of the late Revolutionary War, that gained America her independence, and gave her a high rank among the nations on the earth. This act is evincive of great liberality of the members comprising the present Congress.

I think Congress has extended help as far as any reasonable and honest old soldier could ask or expect. It is true many of them are extremely poor and needy. I am poor, myself, but don't think that I come within the provisions of the law. All I can wish or ask for is that I may receive the same liberality as my brother officers who have served with me, some of them not one fourth of the time I did. The greater part of them received commutation for five years' pay. I know of no other reason, only I was in what was then a distant portion of Kentucky without mail facilities, near the

Virginia line, and where newspapers were rarely seen or read. This I think was the reason why I didn't receive timely notice of their liberality.

I will beg leave, sir, to give you a short detail of my military services. In the fall of the year 1774, I went as a private soldier with Col. Andrew Lewis to Point Pleasant, where that memorable battle was fought. In the year 1775, the Committee of Public Safety of Albemarle directed that two companies be raised and organized for the western section of the State, bordering on the Ohio River. One company was to be stationed at Point Pleasant, and the other at Long Island on the Holston River. Gen. Wm. Russell was appointed Captain, and in his company I was appointed Lieutenant.

In the winter of 1776, the Captain received orders to discharge his company and orders to raise two new companies for the Continental army. The County Committee, where the men were enlisted, proceeded early in the spring of the same year to appoint the officers. I was appointed one of the captains, and marched a full company to Williamsburg the 5th of May the same year, and did duty in Virginia the greater part of the time at Blackwell's Island. In the winter of 1777 we marched to Philadelphia. I did service as a Captain that year, was made Lieutenant and raised the companies for Gen. Dan'l Morgan's regiment. I was in the battle of Monmouth June 28th, 1777. After the battle I became Lieutenant Colonel and remained in the army until the Resolves of Oct. 1780 were carried into effect. When I was reduced I served as a private in the battle of Point Pleasant, Lieutenant at White Plains, was in the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne at Saratoga. I was

at Brandywine, Princeton, Trenton, and in Aug. 1777 I was ordered to join Gen. Geo. Rogers Clark. In that year I served as Lieutenant Colonel in what was called the "Illinois" or the "Crockett" Regiment. I served over eighteen months with Gen. Clark and did not get home until late in Jan. 1782. I was in many of the skirmishes and battles with the Indians on the Miami, and helped to destroy Chillicothe, and many other Indian towns on the Wabash River in Indiana. As I stated, I served under Gen. Morgan in his many battles with the British near Philadelphia, and in New Jersey and New York. At the battle of Long Island I lost two horses, both being shot under me. I believe I was in as many battles and skirmishes as any other private or officer under Gen. Morgan. I was often in as many as four or five a week.

In the year 1784 I moved to Kentucky. I have lived in the State ever since. I have written you substantially the facts, as you have often heard me relate the story of our hardships, and the sufferings we endured in earning our freedom and independence from Great Britain. Be kind enough to inform me whether I come within the act of Congress passed for the benefit. I am poor, but I have enough to be comfortable.

I am, dear sir, your old servant,

JOSEPH CROCKETT.

Pensioned by Congress on Recommendation of Henry Clay.

Mr. Clay at once presented the matter to Congress, and by special act of that body the name of Colonel Crockett was directed to be placed on the pension roll. On May 15, 1828, Congress enacted a law placing the general officers and the commanders of regiments, who served in the War of the Revolution and of 1812, on the retired list with captain's pay. Though Colonel Crockett was a beneficiary under this liberal measure, he realized but a small pecuniary benefit, as he lived but a few months after it was put into effect. He had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the Government appreciated his services, and that he was again a member of the army, though retired. In 1789 he was allowed four hundred acres of land in central Illinois by the Federal Government. Besides this liberal provision, Virginia gave him a grant of six thousand, six hundred and sixty-six and two thirds acres of land, and some years afterward he received another warrant for two thousand, four hundred and forty-three acres for two years and nine months' service.

Other Crocketts in the Revolutionary War.

The Crockett Regiment (so called) had in its rank and file several kinsmen of the same name as the commander. Of the number, a brother and cousin—William and Anthony. William was the youngest son. He served through the Revolutionary War. He was wounded in the arm at Germantown, and died September 15, 1816. In 1786 he was chosen a member of the House of Delegates of Kentucky, and was opposed to the Constitution of 1787. He had a mind singularly direct, simple, and straightforward, without pretense and without hypocrisy.

Anthony, in a letter to Major Benjamin Netherland of Nicholasville, Kentucky, dated June 19, 1816, gives an account of the surrender of Burgoyne, which is as follows:

> In your interesting letter you ask me to furnish you some facts and recollections of the battle of Saratoga, which culminated in the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne and his army Oct. 17, which has been forty years ago. I am now sixty-one years old, and have forgotten many incidents that occurred in the many battles and skirmishes previous to the surrender of that proud army of red-coated wretches, commanded by as mean and cruel a tyrant as ever was born in proud old England. I can only give you the facts about the battles and the skirmishes that I saw and the part I acted.

Gen. Burgoyne, after crossing the Hudson River, advanced along its side and encamped on the heights about two miles from our camp, which was three miles above Stillwater. This movement, Gen. Gates at once discovered was only a bold stroke of Burgoyne to mislead and deceive the American army. The rapid advance of the British General, and especially his passage of the North River, added much to the impracticability of retreat, and this movement of Burgoyne did not deceive Gen. Gates. Early on the morning of Sept. 19 the skirmish began, and for two hours both sides were hotly engaged. The conflict was bloody and severe. After a pause of ten minutes, it became general and continued for three hours without intermission. Benedict Arnold, who afterwards turned traitor, rode up to me and said "Where is your Colonel?" I told him that Col. Morgan would be present in a few minutes: that I was obeying his order in standing where I was, exposed to the sharpshooters of the enemy over two hours. As soon as Arnold saw Col. Morgan, he ordered Col. Morgan to select two or three of his best marksmen, and as Arnold ordered the men to the front line, he said, "Soldiers, do you see that man with that red sash and fine three-cornered hat? That is Col. Frazer. I respect and honor him, but he is an enemy to American liberty. Shoot him: it is right to kill all who are enemies to American liberty." I saw the brave Briton fall: he was soon taken from the field, and died two hours after receiving the wound. Joseph Campbell, of Fredericksburg, who belonged to my company, killed Gen. Frazer. Gen. Frank Clark was also killed by another member of my company. Luke Allen shot Clark by order of Gen. Arnold,

who during the battle showed that he was one of the bravest men, as well as he was cruel and overbearing in his bad disposition. I have often thought of the reckless bravery of Gen. Arnold in the battle of Saratoga on that day forty years ago, and to know and to witness his bravery in defense of his country, and to see that in less than two years he was to turn traitor and take a commission in the British army, and go and plunder and rob the people of his native town in Connecticut. He did the same in Virginia under Lord Cornwallis and Gen. Philips, who died in Petersburg (1780) and was buried there. On the seventh of Oct. (1777) Gen. Burgoyne determined to make one more trial of strength with Gen. Gates. The advance parties of the two armies came in contact on Tuesday afternoon, which was cold and very windy. Our force soon approached the British army, and each party in defiance awaited the deadly blow. The regiment of Col. Morgan that I was in, and Major Dearborn, leading a detachment of infantry, commenced another severe battle. We rushed on the British, commanded by Col. Ackland, and our furious attack was firmly resisted. In all places in the field the fight became extremely hard and obstinate. An unconquerable spirit on both sides disdained to give up. At length our men began to press forward with renewed strength and ardor, and compelled the whole British line, commanded by Burgoyne himself, to yield to our deadly fire. We ran to them in great disorder. The German Mercenary stood very firm until one of our sharpshooters sent a bullet to his heart. We ran the mercenaries to their camp, taking all their baggage and several pieces of cannon. I witnessed the surrender of

Burgoyne: more than four thousand red-coated rascals surrendered on the 17th of Oct. 1777, forty years ago. Gen. Burgoyne was over six feet, dark brown hair, large black eyes, and a mean-looking tyrant.

Walter Crockett's Capture and Marvelous Escape from the Indians.

Walter and James Crockett, who were more remote connections of Colonel Crockett, were captured by the redskins in Clark's campaign against the Indians in Ohio. It would, perhaps, be of interest to the reader to tell of their experiences when in captivity. The second night after his capture Walter was pinned to the earth with cords, according to the Indian fashion. His smattering knowledge of the Indian tongue was sufficient to enable him to interpret a conference between the chief and a few of his warriors, just before they lay down to sleep. The conclusion of this council was to put him to death the following morning. The idea of being tomahawked or burned at the stake determined him, if possible, to make his escape during the night: so as soon as he knew that his captors were sound asleep, with almost superhuman effort he extricated his right arm, and with his pocket-knife severed the cords that pinioned his other limbs to the ground. His liberty thus obtained,

he snatched up a papoose, only a few months old, which was lying near its mother, and threw it into a kettle of boiling hominy, and with the gun and ammunition obtained before performing this inhuman but justifiable act, fled for his life. The cries of the little victim aroused the sleeping warriors, and so excited were they in extricating the child from the boiling caldron that they did not notice their prisoner had fled. When they discovered it they made a hot pursuit, but in vain, as Crockett had reached his regiment in safety.

James Crockett, a mute, was not so fortunate, for he was held by the Indians a prisoner of war for seventeen years and nine months, when he was rescued by his father.

Returns to Civil Pursuits and Begins as Surveyor.

Hostilities ended, the sword, the holster, and the spurs retired to the closet, Colonel Crockett naturally turned his thoughts to the civil vocation he should pursue for his livelihood. Seven years of arduous service in the field made him unwilling to resume his former business. The yardstick, the bushel and quart measure had lost their charm. Besides, he feared the confinement of standing behind the counter from day to day,

STONE RESIDENCE BUILT BY COLONEL CROCKETT

waiting on customers, would seriously impair his health, consequently he determined to devote his time to civil engineering. He was employed for several years in surveying land and roads in various places in Virginia. He also surveyed the road from Charlottesville, Virginia, to Monticello, the home of Mr. Jefferson, and most of the lands comprising the homestead of Monticello.

Weds in Virginia and Takes His Bride to Kentucky.

The surveying completed, Colonel Crockett turned his attention to the District of Kentucky, that being the all-absorbing subject of conversation with the Virginians at that time. The glowing accounts of the productiveness of its soil, and of its water courses, especially the three rivers destined to be the arteries of commerce, created a general desire in the citizens, particularly among the young and enterprising men, to try their fortunes in the Indian hunting-grounds. Like the flowing of a river, its source being Virginia, its tributaries the neighboring provinces, ever increasing in volume as it flowed, was the stream of emigration from Virginia and the nearby colonies. This tide of emigration was greatly augmented at the close of the war, owing to the desire

of the soldiers to locate their Virginia land warrants. Colonel Crockett himself, caught by the flood, soon joined the movement, taking with him his family. There is a little romance connected with his marriage with Elizabeth Moore Woodson, the widow of Tucker Woodson, which may be of interest to narrate. Mr. Jefferson, then Governor, being a relative of Tucker Woodson was interested in the young widow, and appointed Captain Crockett to keep guard over her and her family, against marauders of the British army. The acquaintance thus formed resulted in their marriage, which took place near Charlottesville in the spring of 1782. The bride of thirty-five was the daughter of John and Mary Moore, of Albemarle County, the latter being the daughter of Matthew Jouett, making her, therefore, the great-aunt of Matthew Jouett, the eminent Kentucky artist.

About the middle of May, 1784, they started for their wilderness home, the means of conveyance being horses and a farm wagon, the latter containing a camping outfit, cooking utensils, and staple articles of provision. Colonel Crockett and his wife rode on horseback, as did also the few colored servants accompanying them. The one little boy, Samuel Woodson, rode in the wagon. After a long and tedious journey through Cumberland Gap and over the Wilderness Road, they arrived in

Lexington, the county seat of Fayette, that being their destination. Lexington was then a small settlement, having only several hundred inhabitants, though the population was greater than that of Louisville and Harrodsburg, the county seats of Jefferson and Lincoln, at that time the only other counties of Kentucky. The block-house, built by Mr. Robert Patterson for refuge during the occasional incursions of the Indians, Crockett found still standing.

His profession of civil engineer was at once in demand, and the year after his arrival he was employed by Colonel Thomas Marshall (the father of Chief Justice Marshall), then the surveyor of Fayette, to assist him in untangling the intricate surveys made a few years before by careless or ignorant surveyors. These errors in survey were due to the rapacity of the first settlers. So eager were they to possess themselves of large tracts of Kentucky's rich lands that they braved the tomahawk and scalping-knife to employ at their own cost the surveyor's chain and compass. Not only in Fayette and Jefferson counties, but throughout Kentucky, the same blunders were committed with the knowledge of the mother country—Virginia.

The Transylvania Colony.

Notwithstanding the tedious and laborious work with chain and compass, Crockett found time for economic study. The political measures of the times greatly absorbed his thoughts, and in a short while he became an important factor in the arena of politics.

The most prominent of the land-grabbers was Colonel Richard Henderson, who purchased of the Cherokee Indians the land south of the Kentucky River; but to his chagrin his sovereignty over his empire was of short duration, as the Legislature of Virginia set the negotiation aside, as being a trespass on the prerogatives of the State, in that she only could purchase lands of the Indians. Why this rush for large possessions of the choice lands, when the district was distant from the Eastern markets five hundred miles and there were no means of transportation for their produce? Then, too, the Alleghany Mountains were a formidable barrier. Thus shut out from the East, the attention of the settlers was drawn to the Mississippi River, but its navigation was denied them by the Spanish Government. The answer to this query is, the prophetic insight of the land speculators that these difficulties would be overcome in the course of time—and that not far

distant—by the pluck and enterprise of the Saxons. The knowledge of these Saxon qualities was an inspiration to them. The pioneers who first penetrated this dense forest, encountering the ferocious savages who opposed their progress, were Saxons—Boone, Finley, and Kenton. For a generation following, the settlers who came, not to hunt the elk and buffalo, but to till the ground, were Saxons.

The Separation of Kentucky from Virginia.

The failure of John Jay, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, to secure a treaty with Spain for the navigation of the Mississippi, defeated their hopes for an outlet for their produce. The general discontent of the inhabitants, therefore, caused them to consider the propriety of separation from Virginia, with or without her consent, and the acceptance of the overtures of Spain. General James Wilkinson, who served on General Gates' staff in the Revolutionary War, arrived in Lexington in 1784 (the same year that Colonel Crockett became a citizen of the district). He at once threw himself into the arena and advocated from the stump and through the press the immediate separation, though unlawful. By his fine presence, eloquence, and demagogery he became

a leader in the movement. With the consent of the Spanish Government in 1787 he transported a small cargo of tobacco and other produce down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. He then had a conference with the Spanish Governor, Miro, who promised to give the District of Kentucky the navigation of the Mississippi provided that the District should become a domain of Spain; but the revelation of this plot was not made public then, and never by him.

On December 27, 1784, the first convention which looked to separation was held at Danville, Kentucky, by delegates elected from the three counties which embraced all of Kentucky, and was presided over by William Fleming. The object of this convention was to consider the advisability of the separation. It adjourned after much deliberation without any decision. From this time on convention after convention was held, sometimes two in one year, with no definite result until the seventh. Colonel Crockett with four other delegates were elected to represent Fayette County in this convention. Collins, in his *History of Kentucky*, gives the following description of the proceedings:

> In November, 1789, the delegates assembled at Danville and proceeded to business. The resolutions of Congress transmitted by Mr. Brown were first referred

to a committee of the whole without opposition. A motion was then made to refer the resolution of the last convention upon the subject of the navigation of the Mississippi to the committee also, in order that the whole subject might be before them. The restless jealousy of the "law and order" party took alarm at the proposition, and a keen and animated debate arose upon the question of reference. Wilkinson, Brown, Innes, and Sebastian were in favor of the reference, while it was warmly opposed by Marshall, Muter, Crockett, Allan, and Christian. The reference was carried by a large majority. Regarding this as a favorable indication of the temper of the convention, Colonel Crockett left his seat on Saturday, and on Monday returned (having traveled on horseback) with a remonstrance signed by nearly five hundred citizens, against violent or illegal separation from their Eastern brethren. This bold step undoubtedly made a deep impression upon the convention, and gives a lively indication of the strong passions awakened by the discussions.

Thomas M. Green, also, in his *Spanish Conspiracy*, says: "They brought to their aid the influence and popularity of Joseph Crockett, who was fifth on their ticket—a man who had borne the brunt in the very forefront of battle in the Revolution, and who was not now found wanting when domestic treason had to be confronted." Thus were Wilkinson, Brown, Innes, Sebastian, and other traitorous allies compelled to ask quarter.

Although thwarted in this conspiracy, the seed of secession sown was destined in the near future to bear fruit. The Resolutions of '98, so called, were the fruit borne. The spirit of these resolutions, written by Jefferson and introduced in the House by the eloquent John Breckinridge of Fayette County, have been considered by some Nullification emphasized—a dogma not in accordance with the motto of Kentucky, "United we stand, divided we fall."

It is the opinion of the writer that had Colonel Joseph Crockett been a member of the Legislature of 1798, there would have been two "nays" instead of one recorded when the sense of the House was taken. Had he also possessed the prophetic instinct, he could better have realized the wisdom of his position, seeing that the continual acrimonious discussion of the question of sovereignty was finally to be determined by the sword at the cost of rivers of blood and enormous treasure. The following letter will explain, in his own words, his opposition to the violent separation of the State from the government:

Jessamine Co., Ky., Oct. 3, 1806.

Dear Sir:—In answer to your note of to-day I can clearly state that I was long and intimately acquainted with Colonel Marshall, and the offices of civility were freely exchanged between us. In the commencement

of the plan for separation from Virginia, I was myself opposed to the measure as probably premature, and the arguments of Col. Marshall convinced me that separation was a proper measure. He pointed out various reasons and many arguments in favor of a legal and constitutional separation. I was in the Convention of Nov. 1788, with Col. Marshall and knew he was opposed to a violent separation from the U. S., and took on that subject most decided grounds, but he was warmly in favor of a legal and constitutional separation.

I am, dear sir, respectfully,

JOSEPH CROCKETT.

In 1788, and again in 1789, a convention was held at Danville for memorializing Congress for Statehood. Colonel Crockett was elected to both of these conventions. The indifference of Congress to these several earnest appeals, and the knowledge of the opposition of the Northeastern colonies, due to jealousy, greatly exasperated the people, in some quarters, to disloyal sentiments. Crockett, philosopher and statesman, was patient through it all. Congress in 1791 finally acceded to the wishes of the citizens of the District, and in 1792 the last of the conventions sat in Danville and framed the first Constitution, in conformity with the Constitution of the United States.

Crockett was chosen by the voters of his county to represent them in the first Legislature after the adoption of the Constitution (1792). By this Legislature he was appointed one of the electors.

"By act of Mar. 1st, 1797, Joseph Crockett was appointed to construct a turnpike at some convenient place and purchase as much land as may be necessary for that purpose, not exceeding two acres, on the road leading from Crab Orchard to Cumberland Gap, beyond where the road from Madison intersects said road." After the accomplishment of this work, Crockett's services were no longer rendered to the infant Commonwealth, feeling as he did that he was no longer needed, in that the Ship of State, in whose building he had been an important factor, had weighed anchor. He had served his State for fifteen years, beginning in 1786, when he was a representative for the District in the Legislature of Virginia.

Crockett, as a Representative in the conventions and Legislature, studied the wants of his constituents and gave his hearty support to all measures that he believed would be to their interest. As a justice of the peace he administered the law with a firm hand and humane heart.

Becomes a United States Officer.

Joseph Crockett was appointed Marshal for the District of Kentucky by President Jefferson on June 26, 1801; January 26, 1802; December 17, 1805, and by President Madison December 21, 1809. Thus it appears that a period of about one year and seven months of his service was under the administration of President Madison. When the several applications for appointment were read to President Jefferson by his secretary, on coming to that of Joseph Crockett he remarked, "You need not read any more. I will appoint honest Joe, for I know him personally to be true, and faithful, and honest." With the Chief Executive, to know personally the applicant is a great advantage in his appointments to public office. It is told of President Benjamin Harrison that he declined to appoint a man to Federal office in California, on the appeal of a Senator of that State. When personally applied to by this high official the President remarked, with much emphasis, "I shall not appoint him, as I know him to be a scoundrel." The Senator left the chamber of the Executive in much wrath, threatening vengeance on the President.

The most interesting event that occurred during Crockett's administration as United States Marshal was

the arrest of Aaron Burr, charged with high treason, in 1806. It goes without saying that the faithful and patriotic Marshal performed this duty with more than his usual alacrity.

Colonel Crockett, desiring that his mantle of office should fall upon his son Robert, asked President Madison to appoint him as his successor. The assurance that Robert Crockett would be commissioned was a great relief to the father, in that he wanted to give his undivided attention to his private affairs, which had long been neglected, because of his thirty years of public service.

Quits Public Office and Locates His Private Lands.

The location of his Virginia land warrants was only partially attended to. Advanced in age, his almost threescore and ten years cautioned him that further delay would be hazardous. Although the possessor of much land, his exchequer was not large. The Commonwealth in her early days did not afford her servants the opportunity of adding to their coffers, and the strictest economy had to be observed lest they should be depleted. Legislators at that time received only one dollar per diem. It is true that the purchasing power of a dollar

BRICK RESIDENCE BUILT BY COLONEL CROCKETT

then was greater than at the present day. Five dollars per diem of the legislator of Kentucky now is no greater, and it is only with economy that his current expenses can be met.

Colonel Crockett located one thousand acres of land in Fayette County, afterward Jessamine County, on Hickman Creek, five miles northeast of Nicholasville, soon after his arrival in Lexington in 1784. In the fall of 1785 he moved his family to his farm, where they occupied the story and a half stone building which he had begun to erect the year before. This building is still standing, though showing the appearance of age, and is now owned and occupied by the widow of Doctor Jaspar. Colonel Crockett, as soon as it was possible, by means of slave labor, continued the clearing of his land, which had already been begun. After a few years' residence here, he removed three and a half miles northwest of Nicholasville, to a farm secured on the title of a Virginia land warrant received a few years before. Here he erected a two-story brick residence, which is still in a good state of preservation. The land here was more fertile than on Hickman Creek. For the first time the virgin sod was turned over and the deep furrow made by the plowshare, unless a prehistoric race had occupied the territory. The researches of the anthropologist show

evidences of a primeval race which inhabited Kentucky eight hundred years before the appearance of the Indian. They possessed a high degree of civilization and much ability, as is shown by the fortifications constructed of stone and of superior masonry, the instruments used in the construction, and in agriculture.

The social surroundings of the Crockett home could not have been better. His neighbor on one side was his stepson, Samuel H. Woodson, and on the other was Colonel David Meade. With the first mentioned he had all things in common. With the latter, because of his high intellectual and social qualities, he was thoroughly congenial. Colonel Meade was the proprietor of Chaumiere, the garden seat of Kentucky. Its natural and artificial beauty, the result of his own taste and industry, was famous. His hospitality was enjoyed by many of the most prominent men of the nation—President Monroe, General Jackson, General Charles Scott, General Taylor, Henry Clay, and Aaron Burr. In his state dinners no expense was spared. Colonel Meade was not a titled Englishman, but a Virginia gentleman.

General La Fayette.

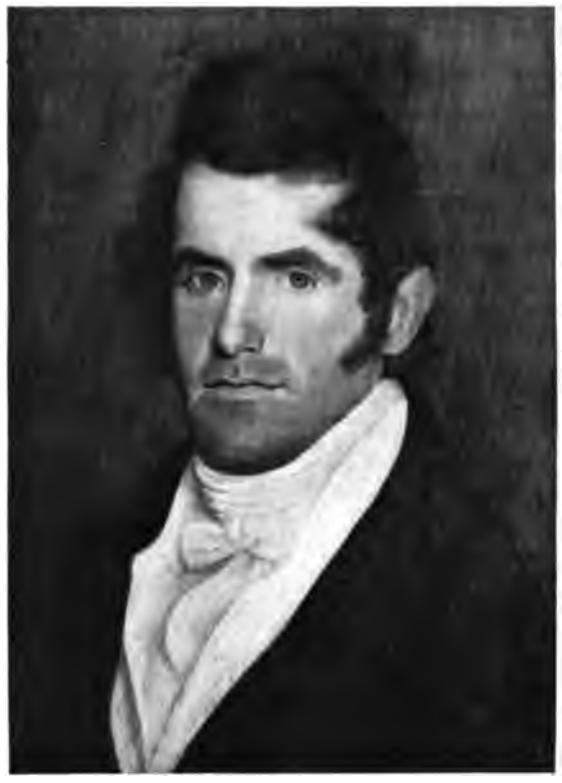
When General La Fayette made his memorable tour of the United States in 1824-25, Colonel Joseph Crockett, Colonel Anthony Crockett, and Honorable Peter Dudley rode in an open carriage with him from Frankfort to Lexington, a distance of twenty-seven miles. The cordiality in the meeting between Crockett and La Fayette at Frankfort was quite touching, in that they embraced each other. The first time that Colonel Crockett met La Fayette was on the battlefield, when he received from the hands of La Fayette his commission as colonel, signed by General Washington. La Fayette's reception in Lexington was most hearty, the acclamations of ten thousand people greeting his ears. Crockett was one of the marshals on that occasion. The night following the street demonstration, Mr. Robert Wickliffe tendered La Fayette a reception, when a large number of Revolutionary soldiers were introduced to him by Colonel Crockett.

The following letter may prove of interest, in that it gives in detail an account of the reception of General La Fayette by the citizens of Lexington and vicinity, and also of the reception given him in the evening by Mr. Robert Wickliffe:

LETTER OF B. NETHERLAND.

Nicholasville, Ky., Oct. 7, 1826.

My Dear Friend:—I was very much pained on hearing that the cut on your leg has not improved since I was to see you in April last. I was sorry that your wounded leg prevented you from being in Lexington last year, when the Marquis de La Fayette was given one of the greatest and grandest receptions I ever witnessed. More than ten thousand people marched in line to receive on the big road leading from Frankfort to Lexington. He rode in a fine four-horse carriage accompanied by Gov. Desha, Col. Anthony Crockett, Col. Jos. Crockett, Gen. Peter Dudley, and many other gentlemen who rode on horseback and acted as a guard of honor in the rear of the carriage. More than forty-six years ago I was in Charleston when he landed there in 1777, a young man from France on his way to offer his services to Gen. Washington to fight for the liberties of the people of our country. In Charleston he was received with becoming respect and honor, the people everywhere were loud in their praise of the young French soldier—but his reception was nothing in comparison to the reception given him by the patriotic people of Lexington last May. When Gen. La Fayette got into Lexington the rush of many of the old soldiers was truly exciting. Everywhere his carriage was stopped by the surviving veterans who served with him and Washington at Monmouth, Trenton, Brandywine, and Little York. Every one was anxious to see Gen. La Fayette. It just seemed as though there were no other actor in the great Revo-



DOCTOR GUSTAVUS MILLER BOWER

lutionary drama who had been so near to the heart of Washington as Gen. La Fayette. When the great dinner given to the General in the city limits was over, I went to Mr. Wickliffe's house with Cols. Jos. and Anthony Crockett to pay my respects to the young man, of forty-seven years ago. I was introduced to Col. Wm. Moultrie, who was putting Charleston in fighting trim to resist the British fleet which I learned while in Cuba was to sail from Jamaica under Admiral Parker and bombard Charleston. I brought the intelligence, which I hastened to give Col. Moultrie, who immediately commenced putting the town in a proper state for defending every place along the harbor. On arriving at Mr. Wickliffe's house Joe Crockett first introduced me to George Washington La Fayette, the son of the General. His son looked like a man who had seen much mental trouble; he seemed to be pleased at the reception given to his father, but was not a man to talk, was stiff and I thought not an intelligent man whatever, but a proud, weak man. When Col. Crockett brought me into the parlor of Mr. Wickliffe's house, to Gen. La Fayette, he introduced me as the young man "Netherland" who forty-seven years before had made him known to Col. Moultrie, who in 1776 and 1777 had command at Charleston. He remembered me introducing him to Moultrie and my going as far as Charlotte with him, as he went through Richmond to Philadelphia; he received me very warmly, shedding tears, as he did when meeting Anthony and Joe Crockett. He asked my age; I told him I was just in my seventieth year; he then informed me he was sixty-nine years of age and felt that his health had greatly improved since he had revisited America.

When I bid him farewell, I, in company with the two Crocketts and Robt. B. McAfee, lieutenant-governor, all went and bid the General a long farewell. The General shed tears and in fact every one present cried. Dosia, my wife, cried, kissed the General and we separated, never to see Gen. La Fayette again on earth. Hundreds of the people of Lexington in talking of La Fayette cried out aloud. The ladies especially shed tears when taking leave of the great friend of Washington.

Very truly your friend,

B. NETHERLAND.

Capt. Thomas W. Ashford,
Versailles, Ky.

FAMILY SORROWS AS WELL AS JOYS.

On August 26, 1820, the once happy home of Colonel Crockett was made a house of mourning by the death of his affectionate and faithful wife, Elizabeth Moore, in her seventy-third year. Her loss was deeply felt by a host of friends, because of her fine qualities of mind and heart.

In 1826 the marriage of his granddaughter, Frances Eliza Henderson, who had lived with him since the death of her mother, left him alone, and in consequence he made his home with his son in-law, Daniel B. Price, in Nicholasville. Here he continued to live until his death, which occurred November 7, 1829, when on a visit to his son-in-law, Doctor Bower, a resident of

Georgetown, Kentucky. The account of his death is well given in a letter written to Major Daniel B. Price by Major B. S. Chambers, a comrade of the deceased:

MAJOR CHAMBERS ON COLONEL CROCKETT'S DEATH.

Near Georgetown, Scott Co., Ky.
Nov. 20, 1829.

Dear Friend: I was pained that I had not the pleasure of seeing you at the burial of Col. Jos. Crockett, six weeks ago in Jessamine Co. I have learned from your letter that you were very sick at the time of his burial and unable to get out of bed. He died at the home of Dr. Bower, his son-in-law. For three weeks or more previous to his death, he repeatedly informed his friends that he viewed himself as a dying man: that he was not afraid to meet death at any moment. A few days after he was taken with his last illness, and while he was able to walk about the room, his eyesight failed him. He took the Rev. Isaac Reed to be you and ordered him to bring your son, Joseph, to see him, as he had not seen him for some months. On my telling him that you were detained in Jessamine, but would probably be up on Friday, he quietly fell into a sleep. He slept about an hour, and waked and had a severe coughing spell. It was at this time that he drew his breath with great difficulty, and the agony he was in was so great that in two hours after he had awakened from sleep he died. Capt. Wm. Christy, Major John T. Pratt, Maj. Wm. Johnson, Capt. Wm. Smith of Bourbon, and the Rev. John Hudson and Mr. Reed were present in the room when he died.

The struggle for breath broke a small bloodvessel and he spat a quantity of blood, yet not a murmur or an undue complaint was heard. His cough and spitting of blood increased and every breath was accompanied with a groan.

When he was dying I noticed him put his head a little back, closed his eyes as if going to sleep and expired, at the ripe age of 83. His remains were taken to his home in Jessamine and buried with the honor suitable to the memory of a brave and patriotic man, who served his country bravely in the Revolutionary War. The order of procession to the grave was as follows—

The hearse with the military escort, attended by music, on each flank. The relatives, the ladies, the citizens, the fine volunteer company from Georgetown, commanded by Maj. Wm. Johnson, with Capt. Thos. Cogar's company from Nicholasville, the whole conducted by Col. John T. Pratt, marshal of the day. At the grave the usual ceremonies took place by the firing of thirteen rounds by Captains Graves and Leslie Combs, of Lexington, who at the head of the gun squad fired at intervals during the service at the grave. There were present more than a thousand persons with carriages and horses. Such was the good order and decorum preserved that not the slightest accident occurred. At the close of the ceremonies, the Rev. John Hudson delivered a short address touching the high character of Col. Crockett as a citizen, neighbor and friend—a model of virtue and morality, cherished in the affections of all who knew him. Though his manly form lies low in death, his many virtues, his patriotic example, shall continue to

abide in the memory of the living. Such, my dear friend, is a brief account of the burial of your father-in-law, Col. Joseph Crockett.

Very truly your friend,

B. S. CHAMBERS.

Dan'l. B. Price, Nicholasville, Ky.

Colonel Crockett's body was placed near that of his wife, in the family burying-ground a short distance in the rear of his country seat. Thanks are due, by the descendants, to Colonel Bennett H. Young, for his generous act in placing about his last resting place an iron fence, instead of the stone wall, which had become sorely dilapidated.

Inscribed on the slab which marks his grave is the simple but eloquent epitaph, IN LIFE HONEST AND PATRIOTIC.

Colonel Crockett had a commanding appearance, measuring in height six feet three inches; spare, but muscular and straight as an arrow, though in the latter part of his life he became quite corpulent; a finely shaped head, his features an index to his character; his eyes a piercing black, nose Roman, and lips thin, expressive, and firm. His bearing was that of a soldier and statesman. He continued to wear, even to the grave, the Colonial attire—a long blue cutaway coat with brass

buttons, knee breeches, black silk stockings, and heavy silver shoe-buckles. He never discarded even the queue falling down the back between his shoulders and tied with a blue ribbon.

The Children of Colonel Crockett.

Colonel Crockett was the father of three sons and three daughters.

Polly Divinia Crockett, the first child, was born near Charlottesville, Virginia, January 28, 1783. She was married at the age of seventeen, in Jessamine County, Kentucky, August 7, 1800, to Mr. Bennett Henderson. One hundred years ago, or perhaps three-quarters of a century, it was not uncommon for girls to marry while still in their teens—a custom as much governed by physical development as by age. As Polly Divinia, in this matter, had the cordial approval of her parents, it is natural to infer that they believed her sufficiently matured in mind and body for married life. The domestic training given her by her painstaking and conscientious mother made her thoroughly competent to be mistress of her own home and to perform its duties to the entire satisfaction of her husband. Mr. Bennett Henderson, the man of her choice, was born November 2, 1772, and

was a young man of fine parts, having the qualities of mind, the energy and integrity, to make his mark in the world. Soon after his marriage he and his young bride went to reside on his farm near Bowling Green, Kentucky. There they lived until her death, which occurred in 1820. In the space of twenty years there were born to her fourteen children, of whom eleven survived her. Immediately after her death the children were adopted by the different members of her family, the responsibility and care of their education ceasing only with their maturity.

Soon after the death of his wife Mr. Henderson went to Virginia to live. In 1832 he returned to Kentucky on a visit to his children. He married a second time in Nelson County, Virginia, where he died in 1843 and was buried at Howardsville, in that county. No landed property was left by him to be divided among his children, yet it was a source of great comfort to them to know that the legacy he left was far better—that of an unsullied name. The surviving children inherited the qualities of mind and heart of their parents.

Mrs. Frances Eliza Mitchell and Mrs. Josephine Young were both women of strong character, of more than ordinary culture and brilliancy of mind. The former was the grandmother of Judge Joseph Crockett

Mitchell of Ottumwa, Iowa; the latter, the mother of the late Reverend Daniel Price Young, a Presbyterian minister, and Colonel Bennett Henderson Young, a prominent member of the Louisville bar, and also a well-known author. As the grand procession in honor of General La Fayette was moving on Main Street, above the acclamations of the vast multitudes, from an upper window of an hotel the sweet notes of the song, "Hail to the Chief Who in Triumph Advances," were heard, sung by a girl of eight years, which falling upon the ear of the distinguished guest so thrilled him that he ordered the driver to stop the carriage, and would not allow him to move on until the last stanza was finished. La Fayette's pleasure was great, when on asking the name of the little song-bird, he ascertained that she was the granddaughter of his friend and comrade, Colonel Joseph Crockett—Maria Henderson.

Robert Crockett, the second child, was born in Jessamine County in 1786. He was sent early to the district school and acquired a fairly good education, and would have been further advanced but for the limited means of instruction. At the age of twenty-one he married Martha Ferguson, of Lexington. He was a man of great energy and enterprise, but of an over-sanguine temperament, and in consequence undertook

MRS. MARTHA FERGUSON CROCKETT

more than he could accomplish. A short time before his marriage he began the structure of what is now known as the "Union Mills" on Hickman Creek, Jessamine County, consisting of a grist mill, powder mill, and a granary three stories high—all built of undressed stone. The work was accomplished on borrowed capital, his father and his brother-in-law, Daniel B. Price, being his principal endorsers. The enterprise not proving a financial success, he was compelled to turn over the property to creditors, which, however, was not sufficient to satisfy the amount borrowed. It must be said to his credit, however, that he did not lose caste because of his failure, for he was always esteemed a man of integrity, but too sanguine for his own good.

On December 21, 1809, he was appointed United States Marshal to succeed his father. In 1812 he recruited a company to serve in Colonel James Allen's regiment in the War of 1812 against the British and Indians, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his commanding officer. After the close of the campaign against the British and Indians he removed with his family to a farm in Logan County, Kentucky, where he remained until his death from typhoid fever in August, 1834. His wife survived him but a few days, having contracted the same disease. Strange to say, they were of exactly

the same age, both having been born in 1786. Robert Crockett's physique was excellent, his features handsome, and his expression benign. One son was the only issue.

Joseph, the third child, was born in 1788 in Jessamine County. At the proper age he was sent to the neighborhood school, and in a few years of studious application he acquired efficiency in rudimental studies. After this his father, acceding to the boy's ambition for an academic education, placed him at Transylvania University, of which Colonel Joseph Crockett was one of the founders (1798) and one of the first trustees. After the completion of his course at the University he was given a diploma. Desirous of becoming a physician, he then took a course at the Medical College. Completing his medical training, he began the practice of his profession at Versailles, Kentucky, and its vicinity. In 1822 he was married to Miss Sallie Kenny of Versailles; he lived, however, but a few months after the nuptials. The headstone near that of Doctor Crockétt in the Crockett burying-ground reveals the fact that he was once before married; the inscription being "Elizabeth, Consort of Joseph Crockett," but there is no further information as to her surname; the natural inference is that she lived but a short time after the alliance. There was no issue by either marriage.

John Watkins Crockett was born March 17, 1790, in Jessamine County. He received a practical education at the neighborhood school. After his school days he occupied himself on his father's farm, and when he became of age his father gave him several hundred acres of land adjacent to his own farm. In 1811 he was married to Eliza Bullock, of the same county. Scarcely was the honeymoon over when he responded to his country's call for troops to fight the British and their allies, the Indians, and was among the first to enlist. Shouldering his musket, he marched with his regiment and was engaged in the battle of the River Raisin in 1813 and fought valiantly, receiving a slight wound, which caused him to be placed in the field hospital, where he remained until after his regiment had returned to Kentucky. When restored to his normal condition he came home alone, footing it all the way. In 1815 he again offered his services to his country, and was in the battle of New Orleans. During this engagement he was temporarily blinded from a concussion, but while in this condition he exclaimed, "Boys, give me a gun, put me behind a tree, and give me the right direction; a Crockett can shoot, if he is blind." After the surrender of the British he returned with his regiment to Kentucky. All fighting

over, he then settled down and gave his entire attention to agriculture.

His wife proved a faithful and efficient helpmeet. Her energy in conducting the household affairs, and his in the care of the farm, enabled them at the end of the year to possess a balance over their current expenses.

Sixty Tenpenny Nails Swallowed without Killing.

It is a matter of record that one summer, when in the prime of life, being confined to his bed with typhoid fever John Crockett attempted to shorten his life by suicide, so discouraged was he at the slow progress of the disease. While suffering from the burning fever, and in a moment of depression, he took from the table near his bed a razor, but as he raised it to sever the jugular vein his nurse, a colored man, snatched the deadly weapon from his hand. His wife, fearing after this that he would again attempt his life, had everything that could be converted into an instrument of death removed from the room. He then tried to starve himself, but becoming weary of this slow process, took from a package on the window sill, near his bed, sixty tenpenny nails—equal to a pound—and deliberately swallowed

HONORABLE ROBERT CROCKETT

them. The following morning, a carpenter who was making certain repairs on the dwelling came for the nails where he had placed them the day before, but found nothing but the paper and string. The carpenter reported the matter to Mrs. Crockett, who herself then began a search. Her husband, recovering from a stupor, asked for what they were looking, and their reply brought out this exclamation, "Why, I swallowed them all in the middle of the night!" At this discovery his wife and servants became greatly alarmed lest it should result in death. The next day a friend sent over a leg of mutton, which Mrs. Crockett prepared with her own hands in the most savory manner. While still steaming hot from the oven, she ordered a servant to place it in a closet in the sick-room. The patient, inhaling the aroma, directed the servant to bring it to him, and with eager hands snatched it and greedily devoured it to the bone. The nails, instead of being instruments of death, proved more efficacious than the doctor's lancet. He lived for many years after this, honored and respected by his neighbors. The credibility of this story was vouched for by his wife and the family physician. While hard to believe, the statement given by these two witnesses was not questioned. That it is not without precedent the following, copied from an Eastern medical journal, will show:

Al Logan, a museum performer, whose special stunt is swallowing nails, is recovering at the City Hospital from the effects of having thirty-six three-inch nails in his stomach, and next of having them removed by surgery.

Logan would have been all right, and swallowed nails indefinitely,. if one of the nails had not become lodged in the duodenum. This nail held back all newcomers, and finally Logan had three dozen of them, about an even pound in weight, caught in his interior. He suffered terribly, and Dr. Antonio Derobertis was called. He found that Logan had been a nail-swallower, so he hustled him to the City Hospital, where Dr. Nichols operated. Logan is expected to recover in about a month. Dr. Derobertis thus describes the case: "I was notified by Logan's landlady that he was terriby sick. I went to his room and made a superficial examination. He had unmistakable symptoms of appendicitis. Besides intense pain, he had high fever. I had him removed to the City Hospital. When Dr. Nichols and I questioned him, he admitted having swallowed a number of nails, as a part of a 'turn' he was doing at vaudeville theatres and museums. The operation of laparotomy was performed. The nails were all lodged in the duodenum, a canal at the beginning of the intestines. They would have passed through the intestines had not one of them stuck and held the others back. Many of the nails were discolored, showing that they had been in Logan's interior for several months. If the operation had not been performed he would have died in two days."

In the year 1840 Crockett was brought to mourn the death of his wife. Four children survived her. Not long after his wife's death he was compelled to sell his farm for means to satisfy a security debt. The debt absorbed all but a family of slaves. He then moved to Columbus, Kentucky, and engaged in business, the nature of which is not now remembered. Not long after his change of residence he again married, this time a widow with three children, who was possessed of considerable means. In 1852, on a short visit to Paducah, Kentucky, he was taken ill suddenly, and before his family could be summoned to his bedside he died.

Martha, in her lifetime called Patsy, the second daughter, was born in 1792 in Jessamine County. She married Doctor Gustavus Miller Bower, January 26, 1815. Her husband was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, December 12, 1790. On reaching manhood he moved to Georgetown, Kentucky. Much attention was given by his parents to his moral and mental training. After he left college he prepared for the Baptist ministry, but was never installed as pastor of a church, preferring rather to adopt medicine as a profession. Having been licensed to preach the gospel, he would occupy the pulpit in the absence of his pastor. Because of his high Christian character, intellectuality, culture,

and benevolence he was a general favorite both in Kentucky and Missouri.

His wife died April 14, 1830, and was buried in Georgetown. The year after her death Doctor Bower and his family moved to Paris, Missouri. He represented the third District of Missouri in Congress in 1844-45. He was a Democrat in politics. Hospitality was one of his prominent traits, and one might truly say that the string of his latch hung without. The poor as well as the rich were welcomed at his board. He very frequently entertained distinguished guests. In his practice he would bestow quite as much attention upon his charity patients (and many were they) as upon those able to pay for his services. He died November 17, 1864, and was attended to his grave by a host of relatives and friends. He had eight children.

Elizabeth, the youngest child of Colonel Joseph Crockett, was born August 5, 1794, in Jessamine County. On September 30, 1813, she married Daniel Branch Price, of Nicholasville, whose father, John Price, had moved from Prince Edward County, Virginia, to Kentucky in 1794, bringing with him his five-year-old son (born October 1, 1789). The child was deprived of a mother's love and care, for she had died very soon after his birth. John Price purchased a large farm in Bourbon County,

MRS. PATSY CROCKETT BOWER

and after he had expended much in its improvement discovered to his great disappointment that the title was imperfect, and in consequence he had to relinquish his claim. He then bought another farm of several hundred acres, five miles from Boonesboro, Clark County, where he remained until his death in 1847 at the ripe old age of eighty-five.

Daniel acquired a practical education at a neighborhood common school, and at the age of nineteen was placed in the county clerk's office of Fayette County as a clerk under the late General Bodley. General Leslie Combs was his associate clerk. Two or three years after this apprenticeship he moved to Nicholasville and was given the position of deputy clerk under Samuel H. Woodson, who was then clerk of the county court and also of the circuit court. During the great religious revival of 1826 he became a member of the Presbyterian Church of Nicholasville, and in 1828 he was elected a ruling elder by the congregation and secretary by the Session. He was a trustee of Centre College of Danville and a director of the Theological Seminary of the same place. In 1811 he was appointed by the Bench of Justices, clerk of the county court, and by the Governor of Kentucky, clerk of the circuit court. He continued in office for thirty-five years. The profession of religion

is not always without alloy, but its practice has a face value which is never questioned. Major Price's religion had this face value, and his sincerity was never questioned; for this reason, together with his fine mind and intelligence, he commanded the respect of all who knew him, and there was no man in his county with a wider influence, or whose counsel was more sought. An example of his moral power over men was proved on one occasion when he quieted a howling mob which had assembled at midday in front of the county jail at Nicholasville, demanding of the jailer the surrender to them of a farmer of the name of Arnold, who had killed his wife in cold blood. Several of the leading citizens, Tucker Woodson, George S. Shanklin, Doctor Archibald Young, and Robert Young, pled with them to desist in their intention, but without avail. In this extremity a messenger was dispatched for Daniel Price, at his country home three quarters of a mile distant. He was at dinner, but at once cut short his meal, and mounting his horse, already bridled and saddled, with much speed rode to the scene of disturbance. Dismounting, he strode through the crowd of excited men, and ascending the steps of the jail, with a wave of his right hand silenced the turbulent throng, and successfully implored them to give over their intended violence, promising at the

same time to secure a speedy trial for the murderer, although the other gentlemen had made the same promises. At five o'clock the following morning Mr. Tucker Woodson rode to the home of Judge William Goodloe, in Madison County, and obtained from him the pledge that he would convene a special term of the circuit court the following week, which was done, and Arnold was found by the jury guilty of murder in the first degree and the death penalty inflicted.

Daniel B. Price died October 1, 1860. His character, and the esteem felt for him by the citizens of his county, are faithfully and minutely portrayed in an obituary by his friend, Reverend Robert J. Breckinridge, D. D., which is as follows:

Major Daniel B. Price, who died at Nicholasville the 25th of October, in his seventy-first year, was born in Prince Edward County, Va., on the first of May, 1789. When five years of age he was brought to Kentucky by his parents, who settled in the county of Clark. Having obtained such an education as the country then afforded, he became a deputy in the clerk's office of the late Gen. Bodley in Lexington, and then about the year 1810 in the clerk's office of the late Samuel Woodson, in Nicholasville, and for the remainder of his life, fifty years, lived in and near that place. He held the offices of clerk of the circuit and of the county court of Jessamine for about thirty-five years, commencing with the year

1816, and probably no citizen of that county was ever more generally and familiarly known, and certainly no one was more universally respected. Probably every eminent lawyer in Central Kentucky, probably every judge, and persons having business in the courts, beyond number, came into familiar contact with this good man during the forty years he was immediately connected with the courts of justice; so that, on the one hand, few persons have had more complete opportunities of private influence for good on these peculiar classes of persons; or, on the other hand, had more complete information concerning them. He united with the Presbyterian Church in Nicholasville in the year 1826, being one of the first-fruits of that great revival, which probably made its first appearance in that town about that time (the Rev. John Hudson being minister there), and so largely and so long refreshed many of our churches. In 1828 he was ordained a ruling elder in the church and elected its session clerk, and he served his congregation in both capacities to the end of his days. During the thirty-two years of his eldership he probably sat as frequently in our church courts as any Kentucky elder ever did, and his services as trustee of Centre College and director of the Theological Seminary at Danville were long and cheerfully bestowed. In a long and useful service to the church, in many ways he became most extensively acquainted with her members and office bearers, and was everywhere trusted and loved by them; and few persons were so accurately informed of her actual position, and none more ready by wise counsel, by correct action, and by liberal contributions, to aid her in every good work. He was one of the

small number of original signers of the Act and Testimony in 1824; a man resolute for God's saving truth, in proportion as his meek and quiet spirit lived upon it as the life of his soul. Remembering all these things, how does it add to his claims upon our veneration to call to mind that he was seriously an invalid—but uncomplainingly—from his early youth till his last hour. Major Price was twice married; first, in 1813, to a daughter of the late Col. Jos. Crockett, and afterwards in 1836 to a daughter of the late Rev. Robt. Stewart, who survives him, as do also descendants of both marriages. The late Rev. Branch Price was his son; and the late Rev. Jacob F. Price was his brother. It is not alone that I loved this noble Christian while he lived, and mourn him now he is dead, that I write these lines. It is also because I see those faithful, accomplished, and devoted ruling elders falling fast around me; those mighty men of God, that upheld our church in days of peril and adorned it in days of peace; I would have their memories live; I would stir the hearts of living elders; I would excite God's people to seek diligently for men like them to fill their vacant seats in the courts of the Lord's House.

His remains now lie in Lexington's beautiful "City of the Dead," not far from the conspicuous shaft that marks the resting place of his friend—the Sage of Ashland, so fitting because of their close earthly social and political ties. Of the nine children by his wife, Elizabeth Crockett, but three were left to mourn his loss; Mrs. Martha Moore Mason, Samuel Woodson Price, and Mrs. Mary P. Shanklin—the last two alone now live to cherish his memory.

Having given much space to the sons-in-law of Colonel Crockett, the author deems it but just and appropriate that a few lines should be devoted to their wives —a fit climax to the biographical sketches given. The reader has already, perhaps, favorably estimated their worth, because of their conjugal relations, even crediting them in a measure with the partial moulding of the characters of their husbands; for these three sisters were splendid women, mentally strong, intelligent, industrious, amiable, and of keen executive ability, loyal to their husbands and faithful to their children. They were handsome in appearance, and Mrs. Bower was especially attractive because of her personal beauty. They were likewise devout Christians, abounding in good works. Mrs. Price was particularly active; she did not wait for the needy to apply to her for help, but went about in her little village dispensing her charities with a liberal hand. She died July 6, 1833, of cholera, the same year that that terrible scourge appeared in Lexington, twelve miles distant, with such disastrous results. In its three weeks' visitation, five hundred of the citizens of Lexington fell a prey to its dreadful ravages.

Samuel Hughes Woodson was the son of Tucker Woodson and Elizabeth Moore, and was born in 1775 near Charlottesville, Virginia.

For two centuries or more a story has been handed down from generation to generation and credited by those interested as much as though it came from the pen of the historian. The credibility of tradition is dependent upon its circumstantial surroundings; more credible than when the value of a diamond is judged by its setting. As a preface to the story, it may be well to state that in the early days of the settlement of the colony of Virginia the incursions of the Indians on the white settlers was a no uncommon event. During a second massacre of the little settlement on the James River, a surgeon of the English army, by the name of Woodson, on his way from the bedside of a sick soldier, was waylaid by a band of Indians, tomahawked and scalped. The Indians then went to his residence to murder his family, and in spite of the barricade made an entrance, but fortunately a shoemaker—Ligon—who happened to be present at the time, with a Spanish musket killed five of the assailants. Mrs. Woodson, with great presence of mind, scalded one with boiling water and killed another with the roasting spit. Their savage companions, taking alarm, then fled, but were pursued by the shoemaker, who killed two more. The nurse or housemaid, who occupied with two baby boys the adjoining room, seized the sleeping children and secreted one under

a wash-tub and the other in a potato hole in the floor of the room. She then fled to the camp of soldiers.

Samuel H. Woodson was a descendant of these boys —John and Robert—by reason of intermarriage, sons of Doctor John Woodson, who emigrated to this country in 1625 in the company of Sir John Harvey and settled somewhere on the James River. Doctor Woodson was a surgeon in the British army and was on duty with a company of English soldiers, who came over on the same vessel with him.

Tucker Woodson, the father of Samuel Hughes Woodson, was a farmer. He married Elizabeth Moore about the year 1767. Her father was John Moore of Albemarle County, Virginia—one of its most prominent citizens. He was a large land-holder, perhaps the largest in the county, and he also owned a considerable number of slaves. Tucker Woodson is supposed to have died soon after the birth of his son, Samuel. In 1782 Mrs. Woodson married Colonel Joseph Crockett, of the same county, and moved to Kentucky, as stated in the sketch of Colonel Joseph Crockett. The mother's careful and early discipline of her two Woodson boys had the sympathy and support of their foster father, as much so as though they had been of the same blood. He showed the same deep interest in their intellectual development,

HONORABLE SAMUEL HUGHES WOODSON

but the advantages in those primitive days were but meager. However, Samuel's ambition for mastery over studies not taught in the country school was equal to the emergency, for he himself was his own schoolmaster; and after hard application he accomplished what he might otherwise have obtained with ease at college or university. Before he reached his majority he studied law under Mr. George Nicholas, then Attorney-general of Kentucky; but before he began the practice of his profession he was appointed clerk of the county court of Jessamine, and also clerk of the circuit court, which positions he held until 1811, at which time he resigned in favor of his deputy, Daniel B. Price. His motive in resigning was that he might give his undivided attention to the practice of law. His high character, intellectuality, erudition, and suavity of manner made him a leader of men—an independent and original thinker, with the courage of his convictions, yet never on bad terms with those who did not accept his views, but on the contrary always respecting their opinions though adverse to his own. He was never defeated for an elective office. He represented the county of Jessamine in the Legislature several times, and in 1820-23 he represented in Congress his district (now known as the Ashland District).

Colonel Crockett, his stepfather, entered for him one thousand acres of land three and a half miles from Nicholasville, near the road between Nicholasville and Lexington. Here he erected a frame dwelling, in which he resided until 1826, when he moved to Frankfort, Kentucky, and there pursued his profession. He was a prominent Mason, and was made Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky in 1819. In 1803 he was married to Miss Anne Randolph Meade, the daughter of Colonel David Meade of Chaumiere. (Colonel Meade was the uncle of Bishop Meade of Virginia.) By this union nine children were born, seven sons and two daughters. In 1827, while attending the circuit court at Nicholasville, he was taken ill suddenly, and died within a few days at Chaumiere. His death threw a pall over the entire State, and he was attended to his grave by a large number of citizens. The burial service was conducted by the Masons, who used their solemn and beautiful ritual. His remains still lie in the Crockett burying-ground. The procession was over a mile long, and the grave was piled high with white kid gloves and sprigs of cedar.

Of his several sons four were lawyers, three of whom —Tucker, Meade, and Samuel—were elected to the bench; the first named to the Fiscal Court of Jessamine

County, the second to Carrollton, Illinois (First Judicial Court), and the last to the Fifth Missouri Judicial Circuit, which positions they held for many years. These three brothers were born politicians, and were elected several times to the Legislatures of their respective States. Samuel was elected to Congress for two terms for the fifth District of Missouri, several years before the Civil War, and was in Congress when Mr. Lincoln was first inaugurated.

Robert B., the youngest son, had not the ambition of his brothers for public preferment, but his undivided attention was given to practice at the bar.

These sons were honored by their respective communities for their learning, integrity, sobriety, and ability.

Tucker Woodson, elder son of Tucker Woodson and Elizabeth Moore, was born near Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Virginia, about 1769. He remained in Virginia to complete his education, when his stepfather, mother, and brother Samuel emigrated to Kentucky. In 1784, having married Martha Epps Hudson of Albemarle County, Virginia, about the year 1800 he moved to the Green River section of the State of Kentucky, in the neighborhood where Bowling Green now stands, where he procured a tract of land which he cultivated. There is no record of his death. The little town of

Woodsonville, now situated on the Louisville and Nashville turnpike, was named for him, and one therefore infers that he did not occupy a negative position in the community.

He had several sons and two daughters. The sons died early and left no issue. One daughter, Martha Epps, married a Mr. Stockton. The writer has no knowledge of the history of the other daughter.

Joseph Crockett, the son of Robert Crockett, was born in 1808. His friend and pupil, Colonel James Buckner, renders a beautiful tribute to him in the following sketch:

> Joseph B. Crockett, whose death has been announced as having recently occurred in San Francisco, California, is well remembered by many citizens of Kentucky, and especially of Hopkinsville and Christian County, and remembered only to honor his memory and regret his death. His death creates a vacuum hard to fill, and the writer, in common with many old friends, desires to express his sense of his great moral worth as a good citizen and a useful member of society in any community in which he might live. His life was a blessing to civilization and his death a loss to society. He was always the friend and supporter of law and order and the best interests of his fellow men. He was a genial friend, a patriotic citizen, and a wise counselor. His amiable disposition, gentlemanly manners, and dignity of character won the affection and good will of all his

MRS. CAROLINE MATILDA CROCKETT

associates. His upright life, temperate habits, and benevolent heart made him warm personal friends wherever he was known; friends who esteemed him highly in life and would honor his memory in death.

Joseph B. Crockett was a son of Robert Crockett, formerly a citizen of Jessamine County, Kentucky, one of the most enterprising and energetic men of his day. The writer, when quite young, knew him as the owner of a very large property on Hickman Creek, Jessamine County, where he was extensively engaged in the manufacture of flour and powder. After selling his possessions there he moved with his family to Logan County, Kentucky.

Joseph—the subject of this notice—received a liberal education, making the law his chosen profession, and after a regular course of studies commenced practice in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, where by his natural ability, acquired knowledge, and steady business habits he soon attained a lucrative and enviable position as a lawyer. The care and ability with which he attended to duties as a lawyer soon secured him a position as counsel on one side or the other of almost all the important suits brought in this county. He commenced the practice of law in Hopkinsville in 1828, and in December, 1832, was married to Caroline Bryan, daughter of John Bryan,

one of the earliest settlers of Hopkinsville. In the year 1838 the celebrated case of the Commonwealth against Barkley for killing Cuvilier was tried in the Christian Circuit Court, in which case Elijah Hise, of Russellville, and J. B. Crockett, through sympathy for a poor and (as they believed) greatly wronged man, volunteered their services to defend Barkley without a fee. The reputation of Elijah Hise as an able lawyer is such that I need hardly say of him that he entered heartily into the defense, and perhaps never showed his great powers as an advocate to better advantage than then. And gifted as Joseph B. Crockett had previously shown himself to be, he on that occasion astonished his friends and the court, and led the jury captive by argument and eloquence, and not only contributed materially to the acquittal of the accused, but by great effort, young as he was, placed himself in the front rank of the able lawyers then practicing at the bar.

But it was not alone at the bar that he was distinguished; his talents in early life marked him as a suitable leader in the political issues of that day, and he, under the influence of that public spirit that characterized his life, yielded to solicitations of his fellow-citizens and represented them several years in the Legislature of Kentucky with credit to himself and satisfaction to

his constituents. But preferring his profession to public life, and desiring a larger field for the practice of law, he moved to the growing city of St. Louis in the year 1840, where in addition to practicing law he edited the *St. Louis Intelligencer*. In 1852 he moved to San Francisco, where he lived until the time of his death. There his legal ability and natural gifts marked him again as one suitable to a higher position than counselor at the bar, and by the suffrages of the people he was twice elected Judge of the Supreme Court of the State.

Resolutions adopted by the Bar Association, San Francisco, January 16, 1884, on death of Joseph Bryant Crockett:

To the Bar Association of San Francisco:

Your Committee, appointed to prepare a Memorial and Resolutions on the death of Judge Joseph Bryant Crockett, beg leave to report the following:

Judge Crockett was born at Lexington, Ky., on the 17th of May, 1808, and died on the 15th of January, 1884, in Fruit Vale, California. He moved to Hopkinsville, Ky., when a young man, and studied law in the office of Governor Morehead of Kentucky; and soon after being admitted to the bar was appointed District Attorney of his district by Judge J. Crittenden. He married, while in Hopkinsville, Miss Caroline M. Bryan, and of their family of twelve children, three sons and four daughters have survived their father. He was elected to the Legislature of Kentucky, where he introduced a bill for and advocated the gradual emancipation

of the slaves. The leading feature of the bill was, that children born after a certain date, on obtaining their majority should be free. Judge Crockett then removed to St. Louis, Mo., and followed the practice of his profession until failing health compelled him to relinquish it. He then, as joint proprietor and editor, with W. K. Budd, established and conducted the *St. Louis Intelligencer*, an influential Whig and anti-Bentonite paper. He was subsequently elected to the Legislature of Missouri on the "anti-Benton" ticket. Mr. Clay was always his welcome guest when in St. Louis.

Judge Crockett's health being still poor, and having met with some financial difficulties, he concluded to try the effect of a change of climate and of circumstances, and formed one of a party bound for California. Leaving St. Louis, they went to New Orleans and there chartered a schooner for Vera Cruz and came overland through the City of Mexico to Acapulco, there meeting the passengers of the wrecked steamer "North America." They found great difficulty in securing passage to San Francisco, but fortunately knowing some of the officers of the next schooner, succeeded in obtaining passage on her to this port, where they arrived in 1852. Soon after arrival, Judge Crockett formed a law partnership with Gwin Page and entered again on the practice of his profession; this partnership continued until the death of Mr. Page in 1857. He then formed a partnership under the firm name of "Crockett, Baldwin & Tevis." (The late Judge Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd Tevis.) Mr. Tevis withdrew from the firm and it became "Crockett, Baldwin & Crittenden" until Mr. Baldwin became one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, the firm of "Crockett

JUDGE JOSEPH BRYANT CROCKETT

& Crittenden" continuing until shortly before Mr. Crittenden's death.

In 1868 Judge Crockett was appointed by Governor Haight to the Supreme Bench of the State to fill the unexpired term of Judge Shafter, and was afterward elected to succeed himself. Of his character as a man, and his attainments as a jurist, your Committee need not speak at large. "*Suavitor in modo, fortiter in re,*" characterizes the man. The comprehensive mind of the jurist, stowed with the results of long years of unwearied application to the study, brightened by the varied practice of his profession, was always prepared to present at the bar the interests of his clients in their most effective forms, and on the bench to render a true and exhaustive decision.

In matters outside of his profession, involving general interests, Judge Crockett often took an active part. In the exciting time of 1856, during the conflict between the "Vigilance Committee" and the "Law and Order Party"—to use terms now fortunately almost obsolete—Judge Crockett acted the part of mediator, and was one of the committee to wait on the Governor, to endeavor to prevent his sending arms and men to this city to act against the Vigilance Committee—not that he took part with that committee, but knowing in the then excited state of the public mind that the result would be civil war and bloodshed, he strove to prevent a conflict, the end of which, in any event, could have been only disastrous. He delivered at San José the first speech at the first Agricultural Fair ever held in the State. He was greatly instrumental in calling the first meeting for the establishment of the Mercantile Library of this city.

His life was a useful and honorable one. During the last seven or eight months of his life Judge Crockett was prostrated by illness, and preserved the same gentle and kind manner to the sorrowing wife and other relatives around him, which marked his whole life.

We submit the following resolutions:

Resolved—That the members of this Bar of San Francisco have received with profound regret the announcement of the death of the late Judge Joseph Bryant Crockett, endeared to them through long professional association and by those high qualities which so eminently distinguished him.

Resolved—That the Secretary of the Association be requested to communicate these resolutions to the afflicted widow and family of our deceased friend, with the expression of the warm sympathies of this Bar, and that a committee be appointed to bring them to the notice of the several United States and State courts in San Francisco.

A. CAMPBELL, Sec'y,
J. T. BOYD,
M. M. ESTEE,
Committee.

16th January, 1884.

His wife and family of children survive him and mourn his loss, but not without the sympathy and condolence of many kind friends in Kentucky, who sorrow with them in their great bereavement.

John Watkins Crockett, named for his father, was born in Jessamine County May 17, 1818. He had only a common-school education. He afterward studied law under his cousin, Judge Joseph Crockett, then of Hopkinsville, Kentucky. When his course of study was completed he settled in Hopkinsville and became in a short time a leader at the bar. He was married in 1855 to Louisa Ingram, of Henderson, one of Kentucky's beautiful and interesting women. Mr. Ingram Crockett, of Henderson, Kentucky, banker and poet, was their only child.

John W. Crockett was acknowledged to be the leading lawyer of Kentucky, his reputation extending even beyond her borders. Ben Hardin said he had the finest legal mind in the State, and he was classed among the first Kentucky orators of his day. He was a strong Union man. When the cloud of secession was gathering over the nation he advocated on the stump the cause of the Union. When the storm was about to burst, in a speech in his town he violently opposed the dogma of States' Rights on constitutional grounds, but before concluding his appeal news reached him that Lincoln had made a call for seventy-five thousand men to avenge the assault made on the country's flag at Fort Sumter. Suddenly changing his position, he as vehemently gave

his support to the Southern cause, being of the opinion that the Constitution of the United States did not warrant coercion. He not only spoke against, but committed overt acts against the Federal Government. Quoting from Collins' *History of Kentucky*: "A call was published summoning the people of Kentucky to organize a government. A convention of persons, claiming to be delegates from all the counties not under control of the Federal armies, assembled at Russellville, Logan County, on December 18, 1861, and after adopting a constitution, which they proclaimed as the organic law of the State, proceeded to elect George W. Johnson, of Scott County, Provisional Governor, and also ten citizens of Kentucky as an executive council." Crockett was chosen by this convention to represent his District in the Confederate Congress at Richmond, Virginia, and continued a member of it until the close of the war. He died while attending the circuit court at Madisonville, Kentucky, June 20, 1874.

Joseph Crockett Price, the second child of Daniel B. Price and Eliza Crockett, was born May 6, 1816, at Nicholasville, Kentucky. At a receptive age he began his education at the Bethel Academy, Nicholasville. This school was an adjunct of Transylvania University, and was incorporated in its charter and inaugurated the same

year. After completing his primary studies, Joseph was sent to Centre College in Danville, Kentucky, but on account of impaired health he did not complete the course of studies, only finishing the junior year. After he was sufficiently restored to health he was sent to the Law School of Transylvania University. After receiving his diploma, being then of age, he began the practice of law at Nicholasville, and after a year of independent practice he became associated with Mr. William Clark, a leading lawyer of the bar. This association was a mutual advantage, as Price, through diffidence (not being a speaker), did the routine work of the office, and Clark did the pleading in court. All lawyers were not then, as is now the case, gifted with oratory; sometimes it was with great difficulty that they could even plead a case in chancery. It is told that Edward Marshall, the brother of Thomas F. Marshall, Kentucky's great orator, when speaking before the Bench of Justices, became so much embarrassed that he begged permission to sit down, remarking, "When I stand my brains seem to go to my feet." His failure was not, however, through lack of fluency, for he was a fine conversationalist. After removing from Nicholasville to Cincinnati, Mr. Marshall soon acquired sufficient confidence to become a fine orator, hardly second to his brother Thomas.

Joseph Price was married to Miss Susan Thompson, of Jefferson County, Kentucky, in 1845, but did not enjoy this union more than eighteen months. He died on February 18, 1847, leaving a baby boy but a few months old.

Daniel Branch Price, the third son, was born at Nicholasville November 18, 1822—a beautiful baby, and in consequence the pride of his mother's heart. In the process of development he showed unusual sprightliness, which to the father was of more value. He exhibited at an early age an aptitude for study, and had a mind capable in time of grasping the most intricate subjects; his father therefore determined to spare no expense in his education. Beginning at Bethel Academy, he finished at Centre College. Entering the sophomore class, he shortened the four years' course by one year, graduating in 1841. In his class of thirty-five his standing was second, and in consequence he was chosen its valedictorian. He had reached his nineteenth year at the time of his graduation. Determining to devote his life to the Church, he went to Alleghany Theological Seminary and accomplished the four years' course. In 1846 he was licensed to preach the gospel; the same year he was given the temporary charge of the Presbyterian Church at Frankfort, Kentucky, the vacancy being made

by the resignation of Doctor J. J. Bullock. Later, Reverend Doctor Stuart Robertson accepting a call to this church, Mr. Price became the pastor of a church in Independence, Missouri, but remained there but one year, on account of ill health. After he was partially restored to health he took charge of the Clear Creek Church in Jessamine County, Kentucky. After a two years' pastorate of this church he was invited by Reverend Doctor Stuart Robertson to assist him in his school for girls at South Frankfort, Kentucky.

In 1851 he was married to a beautiful widow, Mrs. Florida Van Meter, the youngest daughter of Doctor James Miles. After his marriage he established a female seminary at Nicholasville, associating with himself in this work his aunt (by marriage), Mrs. Maria Price, his wife's sister. This institution in a very short time became quite popular, many pupils coming from other States. In the midst of his prosperity he was compelled to surrender to the fatal disease of tuberculosis, which had already commenced its ravages, and in the course of a few months he died. This was on the 9th of February, 1857. He left two infant daughters, one four years of age and the other fourteen months.

He was a man of engaging personality, constitutionally of fine fibre, modest as a maiden, but courageous as

a lion when aroused. This last quality was once notably demonstrated. The occasion was on the gathering of a large crowd in the little town one night to hear a lecture from a man of some repute, from the East. The theme was "The Creator and the Created." In the course of his remarks the speaker questioned the inspiration of the Bible. This was too much for Mr. Price, and when the lecturer had finished his discourse he arose from his seat and announced that on the following evening he would answer the remarks, at the same time asking the Yankee to remain and hear him. At the appointed time a large audience gathered, but the lecturer was not among them; he had left the town early that morning.

Being possessed of much sentiment, Mr. Price would occasionally exercise his fancy in the composition of verse, which now and then appeared in the *Louisville Journal*, George D. Prentice, the editor, readily giving them space because of their high merit. The following verses are from his pen:

Lines to Miss S. S.

The time will quickly come, friend Sue,
So quickly time its passage wends,
When you will bid the last adieu
To school and teachers, books and friends,
To act your part in woman's life—
Become a belle and then a wife.

Before you sail upon a sea
So often into tempest cast,
'Twill not be deemed amiss in me,
Who through its dangers all have passed,
To give in verse at best but rude
Some thoughts that now to you seem crude.

You little dream the curious things
The half I will not here define,
A life of anxious courtship brings
To those who worship at Love's shrine—
A shrine at which too many kneel
With more than Christian holy zeal.

Of those who will bestow their smiles,
And honeyed words rehearse to thee,
A few will come to practice wiles
That better fitted they may be
To make the conquest doubly sure,
When one they fancy shall allure.

A few will come to while away—
    As they are wont at times to flee
To any opera or play—
    The hours that hang too heavily—
As though your highest aim, like these,
    Was idlers like themselves to please.

Another class of beaux I'd name,
    Who will like bees around thee swarm,
Whose glory 'tis as well as shame
    To have made suit in settled form
To all the belles they've seen before,
    For twenty years or even more.

But by and by amid a herd
    At once so numerous and strange—
A lover comes whose every word
    A feeling shows which nought can change.
His language, looks, and conduct tell
    That love has bound him with its spell.

To thee he will assiduous be
    And in your ear love's accents pour,
Until a kindling sympathy—
    A feeling never felt before—
Is made within your heart to blaze
    From embers hid from human gaze.

And then who can not write prophetic
    Of what will then the chapter close?
His heart so full must grow pathetic,
    He must—*his life for it, propose*—
With faltering voice he will address,
    And you, with blushes, will say *yes*.

The following obituary is from the pen of his friend, J. J. Bullock:

Died, in Nicholasville, Kentucky, on the 9th instant, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, the Reverend D. Branch Price. He was the son of Major Daniel B. Price, one of our most esteemed elders. Under the influence of parental piety he joined the church at an early age, and ever maintained the character of a consistent Christian. He was graduated at Danville College in the year 1841, and although of exceedingly delicate constitution, such was his desire to do good that he determined to preach the Gospel. After having studied some time at Alleghany Seminary, he was licensed to preach in 1846. Owing to the state of his health he was never in a condition to take the pastoral charge of a church, but he served at different times with great acceptance the churches at Frankfort, Clear Creek, and Independence, Missouri. He was married in 1851 to Mrs. Florida Van Meter, the widow of Mr. Jacob Van Meter, and the youngest daughter of the late Doctor James Miles. Being unable to preach, he conducted for several years, with great success and ability, a female school in Nicholasville, the place of his nativity, and was instrumental in introducing into the church many of his pupils, all of whom loved and revered him. Up to his strength and beyond it he labored to do good. Doubtless his death was hastened by overexertion in teaching and occasionally preaching. He died of consumption, a disease that had threatened him from his boyhood. His death was peaceful and happy. He longed to be absent from the body, that he might be present with the Lord.

He was a fine model of a Christian gentleman. His piety was enlightened, consistent, and deep-toned. He had a sweet and solemn countenance, combined with great suavity and dignity of manner. I never knew a man of more delicate sensibility or a higher sense of honor. His manner in the social circle and in the pulpit was tender, solemn, and earnest. He never violated the proprieties or courtesies of life, and yet he never compromised his Christian or ministerial character. While he was as gentle as a lamb in spirit, yet when duty and conscience called he was as bold as a lion in advocating what he believed to be true and right. Precious is his memory to a large circle of friends and relatives.

Verbatim extracts from Colonel Joseph Crockett's order book kept during the Revolutionary War and now in the possession of the writer:

Camp near Guins Island June 19th 1776

R. O. Officer of the day tomorrow, Major Nelson, Cop. Crockett, Lieut Hopson.

Officers of the main guard Ensign Quirch.

Officer of the detatched guard Lieut Thompson.

Officers of the quarter guard Lieut's Wallace & Mallis.

Officers for fatigue, Cop. Spencer, Lieuts Sayers, Lieut White & Ensign Pendleton.

Detail for guard: ten privates.

For fatigue: Six privates.

Parole Arnold.

A Court Martial to consist of one Cop. and four subalterns—(balance of this order so dim could not be read).

Camp near Guins Island June 26th 1776

Parole Falmoth.

G. O. The officers who have got out tools are desired to send them immediately to the Quarter Master. They are likewise desired not to give passes to more than two men to go out of camp at a time, and that, to those who have their washing done out of Camp.

Remarkable frost which fell on the night of 8th May 1776 which was fatal to corn, beans, fruit in some parts Va.

Parole Wilmington.

The men are desired not to burn the rails or take to pieces any houses in the neighborhood as they may depend upon being punished if they are caught. These orders to be read to the soldiers this evening.

July 29th 1776

Adjutant Stevens to act as quartermaster and Willm Dawson as quarter master Serj't. Every company to return to camp colour men to the quartermaster. No officer or soldier to attempt going to Guins Island without leave from the commanding officer, as it is imagined the yellow fever is got among some of the soldiers there.

Parole Henry.

The commanding officers of companies to be particular in seeing that their morning and provisions returns agree.

Camp near North River, Aug. 5th 76

Officer of the day tomorrow Capn Crockett. In consequence of court of inquiry on the behavior of Lieut Wallace to Ensn Shannon. Lieut. Wallace is sensible of his illtreatment to Mr. Shannon and acknowledges he is very sorry for it. Any soldier found half a mile from his camp without leave from his officer to be confined and tried for disobedience of orders. No soldier to encamp without the Sentry's, on any pretence whatever. All persons belonging to the camp to provide themselves with water before tatoo, from the Spring.

Camp at Mount Pleasant Aug 6th

The Cap'ns are desired to appoint one of their subalterns to act as orderly officer, beginning with their first Lieuts. It is expected that the orderly subalterns will attend at calling the rolls of their respective companies morning and evening, and report to the commanding officer the names of those men who absent themselves. The commanders of companies are to produce, when called upon by the adjutant, a field return of their company and the men who do not attend parade at long roll beating, may expect punishment for disobedience of orders. All kitchens built in rear of the several streets are instantly to be demolished and built on the planks, as no cooking will be allowed any where else. The Suttlers are ordered not to sell any liquor to soldiers without written orders from their Capns.

Camp at Mt. Pleasant Aug. 7th 1776

As many of the arms appear rusty and in bad order, it is hoped that the officers, for the good of the service, will oblige their men to clean them.

Once more the soldiers are forbidden to go beyond the bounds prescribed to them in a former order. Nothing brought by negroes into camp to be purchased, without being able to show from under their master's hands their consent to the sale of such things. This is expected the soldiers obedience to the order, as a contrary conduct will be an encouragement to theft and robbery, which every honest soldier would rather suppress than promote. A court martial to sitt for tryal of prisoners confined.

Camp on Mt. Pleasant Aug. 9th 1776.

Officer of the day tomorrow Capn. Crockett.

All the ammunition now in hands of the men to be delivered up to the quartermaster at the magazine, reserving to each man a single load. As the laws of ordinances of the Honorable Convention direct that all plunder taken from the enemy (arms and ammunition excepted) shall be exposed to sale and the money arriving from such sale distributed among the soldiers who fortunately have taken such plunder, and as there are men now in confinement who were base enough to secrete part of the goods left on Guins Island by the English with an intention to deprive their fellow soldiers of their share of such goods, and further as there is a good reason to suppose as there still remain rouges undiscovered who were bad enough to join with the above thieves, the commanding officer hopes and directs that all soldiers acquainted with any circumstances which may bring to light such villany will give immediate information to their officers, to the end that such offenders may be brought to punishment, and the soldiers themselves have the fullest justice done them.

Camp on Mt. Pleasant Aug. 14 1776

As complaint has been made to the commanding officers of the soldiers having burned a number of rails, the officers in general but particularly the officers of the day are directed to put a stop to a practice so extremely hurtful to private property.

Camp on Mt. Pleasant Aug. 19 1776

Officer of the day tomorrow Capn. Crockett.

No soldier to mount guard without his hunting shirt and breeches on and without being otherwise decently dressed.

Capn. Crockett, President

Camp on Mt. Pleasant Aug. 22d, 1776

Officer of the day tomorrow Capn. Posey.

The orderly offs. of each company to make their men comb their heads and wash their hands and faces every morning immediately after roll-calling.

Albermarle Barracks Jan 13, 1780

Gar. Orders. The officers commanding companies are to be very particular in seeing their men's arms and accoutrements put in the best order, the locks well cleaned and new flints put in when necessary. No officer or soldier upon any pretense to have leave of absence out of garrison until Col. Taylor returns. The quartermaster of the Reg. of guards to make application to Capn. Rice for as much paper as will complete the soldiers in garrison to twelve rounds each including those they already have (if paper can be had) the officers are to fix on some handy soldiers to make cartridges under the direction of a trusty serjt. to overlook them and have them distributed amongst them this evening.

Albermarle Barracks July 22—1780

R. O. The commanding officer of the Regiment is sorry to find that there was so large a number of those that composed the Western Battalion base enough to desert after receiving near a full supply of clothing, and hopes that every good soldier will make it his study to detect such perjured villains as can with a seared conscience betray their country and the trust reposed in them. The commanding officer does assure the soldiers that no pains shall be spared to have the deserters taken and brought to justice. The soldiers are further to be informed that at the late session of assembly there passed an act offering a reward of two hundred dollars to any person that would take up any deserter and secure him in any public gaol. If the deserter should for seven years after a peace he is still liable to be taken on board any armed vessel or row galley and there serve double the time he was enlisted for. It is hoped every soldier will consider the obligations he has laid himself under to serve his country and bound himself by the sacred ties of an oath faithfully to serve the same.

Nov. 17, 1780

The first division of Brittish troops will march on Monday morning at nine o'clock. The General will beat at eight o'clock and the troops half an hour afterwards when the whole division as well as the guards are to parade. The baggage belonging to the convention troops are to follow the advance guard in the same order as the troops to which they belong. The baggage and

stores belonging to the guard are to follow between the rear guard. Persons are to be appointed by the different purchases of the Staff Department to do duty the of their several departments on the march who are to see that the over plus of either Rations or forrage provides as the stages on the rout are carefully stored for subsistence of the German troops on their march. The Com to see that a sufficient quantity of salt and spirits are sent forward to serve within this state as the encampment will be in the woods for some part of the March it is recommended to the Convention troops and the guard to have their axes and hatches in proper order. All kettle pots cross cut saws and other tools in the hands of either to be removed with the troops as those articles cannot possibly be provided as the intended quarters of the troops. All Regimental Quartermasters will be permitted to go forward to provide quarters for their respective corps.

J. Wood Col' Com.

WILL OF COLONEL JOSEPH CROCKETT.

In the name of God, Amen, I, Joseph Crockett, of Jessamine County, Kentucky, do make and publish this to be my last will and testament. I give and bequeath to my daughters, Patsy Bower and Eliza Price, and the heirs of their bodies, whatever estate I may be in possession of at my death, or monies which may be due me from my son, Robert Crockett, for debts paid by me for him as his Security or otherwise, to-wit: About Twelve hundred dollars paid by the sale of my farm and other property near the Union Mills on Hickman Creek, in part satisfaction of a Judgement obtained by Lewis Singleton against me as a co-security with him for my said son Robert in a replevin bond to Pressley Talbott, about Thirteen hundred dollars paid Joshua Fry as Security for my son Robert, besides several other small amounts of money paid on Executions as the security of my son Robert—Also for a debt which was due me from William L. Todd for upwards of One Thousand dollars which was appropriated by my son, Robert, to his use, and never repaid to me—I also give and bequeath to my said daughters and their heirs, whatever interest I may have in the tract of land laid off at the Iron Banks for the benefit of the officers in the Virginia State line in the Revolutionary War, my rank and pay in said service being that of a Colonel—And I further give and bequeath to them all other estate & interest to which I may be entitled either by law or equity—Lastly, I appoint my sons-in-law, Gustavus M. Bower & Daniel B. Price, the Executors of this my last will and testa-

ment—Hereby revoking all other will or wills by me made. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this Eighth day of December, 1826.

Joseph Crockett (Seal)

Published & declared in
presence of
Wm. S. Scott & Ruben B. Berry.

Jessamine County—Sct.—February Court, 1831.

The foregoing writing purporting to be the last will & testament of Joseph Crockett, Dec'd., was this day produced in court & proven by the oaths of William S. Scott and Ruben B. Berry, Subscribing witnesses thereto, to be the last will & testament of said Joseph Crockett, Dec'd., Whereupon, by order of Court, the same is duly recorded.

Test.—Daniel B. Price, Clk.

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